

MAY, 1923

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

"It's Wrong but it's Progress"

Rev. R. A. McGowan

A Great National Problem

Charles A. McMahon

The Shielding

B. J. Murdock

The Victor and The Vanquished

Victoria Richmond

With The Passionists in China

With
Our Junior
SIGN-ERS

The Appeal of
Jesus
Crucified



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The Sin of Good People

To the Readers of THE SIGN

My Dear Friends:

Saints have their faults, as we all know. We cannot be surprised, then, if good people have their sins. They have, and many of them.

The characteristic sin of good people is distrust of God. With many this is an unsuspected sin, but a sin just the same.

It manifests itself in a variety of ways. Perhaps the most common way is making bargains with God.

Good people will bargain with Him. And the terms they give are usually one-sided and make for a sure-thing transaction.

They clearly specify the conditions. If they shall obtain a cure or an increase in salary or a better position, they promise to make some sacrifice or to do some good work or to contribute to the Chinese Missions.

But God must give the cure or the increase or the position first. That's to be very plainly understood!

So, you see, it's a sort of C.O.D. business. God must remember that! They will not give Him trust. Sharp practice!

Of course, you, Readers of THE SIGN, are all good people. Are you guilty of distrusting God? It's possible.

Suppose you take larger views of Him and treat Him just a little more considerately. Tight bargaining is always a form of selfishness whether in money matters or in things of the soul.

Don't distrust God's mercy. He is most willing not only to forgive your sins but to blot them out and forget them.

Don't distrust His goodness. He Who marks the sparrow's fall and has numbered the hairs of our head is and must be interested in us to care for us and to protect us.

Don't bargain with Him. If we can do anything to please Him or to further His cause, let us do it whole-heartedly and trust to His generosity. He is so rich that He has no need to economize.

We have our Lord's express guarantee: "Give, and it shall be given unto you—good measure, pressed down and flowing over."

Duty and today are ours. Results and the future are with God.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

MAY, 1923

No. 10

Current Fact and Comment

Pentecost

WE may judge what honor and devotion are due to the Holy Ghost if we recall our Lord's clear promises about Him. In that tender, solemn farewell address to His disciples and immediately before He undertook the labors of His passion, He said: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth." "But when the Paraclete cometh, Whom I will send you from the Father, the Spirit of truth. . . He shall give testimony of Me." "But when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will teach you all truth, and the things that are to come, He will show you." And when all was consummated, when He had shed His Blood and paid the price and had risen from the dead, He added, "I send the promise of My Father upon you; but stay you in the city till you be endued with power from on high." Breathing on them, He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained."

Hence we conclude that all the blessings of pardon and grace, of rehabilitation and sanctification, merited for us in the Passion, are applied to our souls directly by the operation of the Holy Ghost. When we earnestly seek these blessings through the incidental channels of the sacraments or the intercession of the saints we should not be unaware of the actual operation in our souls of God Himself, the Spirit of Love.

After all, when left to our choice, what could we choose to ask of God of more lasting value than

what our Lord describes as the peculiar gifts of the Holy Ghost—the assurance of forgiveness, true consolation and the clear and inspiring vision of eternal truths? Our daily devotions, therefore, should include a direct and ardent appeal to the Holy Ghost for light and grace, an appeal springing from the confidence that this Sanctifier of our souls will lift us up from the dark and lowly plane of commonplace striving, that He will lead us from light to light, from grace to grace, and to final fitness for eternal glory.

For Little Rich Folk

SOME people get rotogravured in the Sunday paper because they have done something useful or heroic; others, just because they are what might be called lucky. Thoughtless people consider it lucky to be born rich. The picture of a bobbed-haired youngster mounted on a pony was recently shown with the statement that she belonged to a class that were lucky because they had gone to school all winter in Florida and were now enjoying the Easter holidays at the Hot Springs. We may suppose that it is already planned where they will while away the summer hours. All of which might well cause envy and move many a youth inwardly to complain of his different lot.

Now, it is not really stretching the truth to say that envy should be directed the other way around. Getting everything we want without effort and going wherever we please does not produce happiness and contentment. You would find the proof of this if you could look into the heart of the average poor

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little rich boy or girl. You can buy anything with money, but you cannot purchase lasting contentment. Think of how many things you have strongly coveted and how soon after getting them they lost their charm and were discarded. Consider what the poet Ruskin meant:

"Wherever we are, to go somewhere else:
Whatever we have, to get something more."

And the more we have, the less is there left in the world to please us. The children of the rich are to be pitied because there are so few contrasts in their lives and they seldom experience the thrill of getting possession of things after longing and striving for them. Life for them must feel to a great extent like being too much fed up on cake.

Low Levels

DEAN INGE in the April *Atlantic Monthly* comes to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is not adaptable to the Anglo-Saxon mind. The article is vulnerable in nearly every paragraph, but we wish to allude only to the ancient sophistry by which much importance is laid upon the parallel between spiritual and industrial progress. Ireland, Poland and South Italy are in "a low state of civilization." "Catholic countries have remained in a backward condition." "Deficiency in education and in the industrial virtues keeps Catholic populations on a low level." Where has the Dean discovered his "low levels"? Is there any rural or urban class in Ireland, Poland or Italy as thoroughly "low" as those in the crowded slums of English, Scottish and even American cities? Are these the happier in that industrial virtues have supplanted the genius of the Catholic Church in the moulding of their lives? Let the Dean contemplate the effect upon the soul of the immigrant from Italy as the latter submerges himself in an industrial city which a writer in the *Chicago Literary Times* can thus characterize:

"Chicago, the jazz baby—the reeking, cinder-ridden Chicago, the chewing-gum center of the world, the bleating, slant-headed rendezvous of half-witted newspapers, sociopaths and pants-makers—in the name of the Seven Holy and Imperishable Arts, Chicago salutes you. Civilization overtakes us. The Philoolulu bird lies on its back with its feet in the air—extinct. The Muses, coughing and spitting, reach their arms blindly toward the steel mills and the stockyards. Sandburg's tomtom sounds through the new tar-smelling Sub-Divi-

sions. Beating his bosom, Anderson sinks to his baggy knees gurgling mystically to God. The cubistical Bodenheim ullulates on the horizon. Ehu! Ehu! The Pleiocene fogs are lifting."

The Resurrection of the Body

THE resurrection of Christ is the pledge of our own resurrection, both body and soul. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body presents peculiar difficulty in the light of human experience. The dissolution of death is so thorough and awesome a process as to postulate nothing short of omnipotence to retrieve its effects. Thus at Bethany were Martha and Mary impressed considering their brother but four days dead. In contrast we recall the singular confidence and faith of Job who, undismayed at the sight of the putrefaction that encompassed him, could fervently exclaim: "Thou shalt call me and I will answer Thee: to the work of Thy hands Thou shalt reach out Thy right hand. . . For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again in my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see and my eyes shall behold."

On the presumption that there will be an exalted transformation of man's physical being in the resurrection some very weird theories have been advanced in order to reconcile reason to this dogma. But to fancy creatures in a semi-gaseous state or consorting in a heaven of even the most refined sensuous activities does not appeal to those whose conception of the Creator is based on propriety and consistency.

In *The Resurrection of the Flesh*, by Rev. Dr. Darragh, just published, the author concludes that the mind of the Church has never been in favor of a materialistic interpretation of "flesh" in this connection. "This last sentence," the *London Tablet* confesses, "had roused our suspicions, but we found that the author merely meant to insist, and rightly, that the doctrine of the Church distinguishes (as St. Paul emphatically distinguishes in I Cor. xv) between the natural and the glorified body. Not enough account is made of this distinction by those who find a difficulty in the doctrine, and they do not always understand it." We quote here only a portion of that sublime chapter in which the Apostle answers by anticipation modern difficulties about the resurrection:

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"But some men will say: How do the dead rise again? or with what manner of body shall they come? Senseless man, that which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die first. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be; but bare grain, as of wheat, or of some of the rest." But God giveth it a body as He will. . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption. . . It is sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body . . . flesh and blood cannot possess the kingdom of God; neither shall corruption possess incorruption. . . In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet . . . the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And then must come to pass. . . Death is swallowed up in victory."

A Foul Slander

IN my cabinet at the present moment there sit side by side Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, each man chosen because, in my belief, he is peculiarly fit to exercise in behalf of all our people the duties of the office to which I have appointed him. In no case does the man's religious belief in any way influence the discharge of his duties, save as it makes him more eager to act justly and uprightly in his relations to all men."

Thus Theodore Roosevelt concluded a statement in which he took an optimistic view of a Catholic's chances for the Presidency. He styled the opposite presumption a foul slander on the American people. From the tenor of the quotation we deduce that Mr. Roosevelt reckoned on only one sort of bigotry, that which is based on the impression that one's interests are imperilled by the religious or political theories and practices of another. Such bigotry is curable by normal processes starting with the calm examination of facts. Thus Mr. Roosevelt's presentation of particular facts proving that a Catholic's spiritual allegiance in no way conflicts with his citizenship might well win the conviction of the average American and dissolve his prejudice.

But there is a species of bigotry that springs from and thrives upon passion and that is not amenable to reason. It resists evidence and argumentation. And it is an actuating motive of some who are classified as Americans. Vast organizations of these are now at a periodical peak of prosperity, their life and vigor sustained by that myopic sort of bigotry. And thus it must be frankly admitted that the Catholic aspirant to public office is seriously handicapped. He may derive some comfort from

the thought that it is better to be a victim of such perversity than an abettor of it. And he may hope that this evil thing will eventually consume itself, wearied and nauseated at its own false and reiterated pretensions.

Diverting The Dimes

A PROMINENT producer of motion pictures attests that some "perfectly simple and unaffected" stars in that profession receive as high as ten thousand dollars a week. We waive the economic question whether such a wage is essentially justifiable. But we may inquire whether luck or a blessing can be associated with such an income when we consider the original source from which it is largely derived. With many of the common people, the "movie" habit has developed into an extravagance. To this alone is attributed the failure of many a budget or saving plan. Lent brought to many an opportunity not only of seasonable self-denial, but also of getting back to a more moderate indulgence in that particular form of amusement. At the same time many a dime was thereby diverted into the missionary's "bank." With the reputed income of a single "movie" star our China missionaries could maintain five thousand catechists or even a larger number of orphans or erect twenty complete chapels every week. Think of it! And consider how you personally might help to reduce that abnormal ratio somewhat to the advantage of the missionary and his flock.

A Cardinal and the Passion

ON the eve of Passiontide there appeared a remarkable book on the Passion translated and published by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. The appearance of this work is another proof of the Cardinal's favorite devotion to the Passion, but with the circumstances attending the preparation of this valuable work are further evidence that the Passion of the Savior is something all absorbing in His Eminence's life and thoughts.

Taking Cardinal De Lai's book on the Passion as a companion on his voyage to the conclave of 1922, His Eminence discovered and was so impressed with its rare excellence that he spontaneously revealed his thoughts and emotions to his associates.

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"From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." While addressing the Holy Name Society of his archdiocese last January the Cardinal again revealed that he drew his inspiration from the thoughts and affections that had overwhelmed him in the perusal of this book. The Passion and Death of Christ were not mere phrases on the lips of the eminent speaker; they were realities, poignant realities, and their appeal reached the hearts of his hearers.

After this memorable sermon His Eminence was besieged with requests that he translate the work for English readers and he promptly yielded to the demand. He further aimed to prepare it for publication within the proximate Lenten season.

For three weeks this eminent Prince of the Church so ordered all his other work that he might give his whole heart and mind and bend every nerve to the task. Without interruption, even for nourishment, daily from nine in the morning until three after noon, he sat, book in hand, dictating each phrase to the copyist. Yet for a lover of the Crucified there could be no sense of weariness. With that source of inspiration in his hands there could be no intimation that he might fail in his project. As His Eminence himself confided: "The book simply had to be done. He drove me to it. And now I see why. You see why."

We are grateful to the Cardinal for spreading this message of the Crucified and we share his hope that it may penetrate the dark environments of a materialistic world and reach the many human hearts that cannot resist its appeal.

Assisi In Gotham

WE fancied we had made a discovery: that we had come upon something in New York which would strike a New Yorker as novel. Having heard of it, we went to see for ourselves—a Poor Clare Convent in Millionaire's Row on the Drive; the Sisters of Lazarus dwelling side by side with the brethren of Dives. Only the very old is new here. By this token the old Church, continually drawing on the treasures of "both old and new, elicits a fair share of the attention and interest of the city's people.

Whatever may be our forebodings for the future in which so little of the old civilization, indeed of the order of nature herself, may be retained, there

is no denying that at the present time the vitality and growth of Catholicity in New York have kept pace with the city's astounding material development, or revolution. Witness the instance to which we have just referred. Even so far-traveled a man as Chesterton, reflects that one would only be mildly surprised at finding that the next round of a frequented street in New York had acquired a new set of buildings.

Long since grown old, the city still lives up to its phenomenon of "New."

"New World" would be its proper title. Man's innovations here have passed beyond the stage of multiplying wonders with a speed, and on a scale, nowhere else to be seen. There is a new order of things; new enough, and having enough of a world in what is new, to call for a new name. A cursory glance will convince one of this—one who runs may see—for the most part there is no other way of seeing New York.

One sees numbers enough for a populous city, congesting the steel arteries that stretch high above water and land and form a network over the vast metropolitan area. Or if you are one of the throng on the city streets, you are aware that there is a vaster throng beneath you.

A new skyline is here, with mountain ranges to break it, having its Matterhorn also; canyons too, through which streams of mortals ceaselessly wind as they go to, or come from, the yeries, in which the city's—indeed the world's—business is transacted.

The failing light of day emphasizes the fact that New York stands for a new order.

The spectacle of New York's myriad, massed lights calls to mind the new firmament. Its suns all but pale the firmament above. The meridian of this new day is on Broadway, which assumes for the night's sway the questionable title of "the Great White Way."

The Street of the Seven Sins some would prefer to call it. But all must be led to suspicion a similarity between the Broadway of New York and the Broadway of the Gospels.

Be this as it may; it is a far cry from Assisium of the Thirteenth Century to New York of the Twentieth Century. So, we were surprised to find My Lady Poverty, in all her state, which is one of utter spoliation, enthroned on Riverside Drive; with her ladies-in-waiting, the daughters of St. Clare, bearing in their every feature, resemblance to their mother.

A Great National Problem

CHARLES A. McMAHON

NOW that the Sixty-seventh Congress has adjourned, it is appropriate, especially for Catholics, to examine into the workings of the Immigration Restriction Law passed by that body in May, 1921, and known as the "Three Per Cent Law." Eleventh-hour efforts were made in the closing sessions of the Congress just adjourned further to restrict immigration by making the quota basis two per cent of the alien population resident in the United States in 1890. With the failure of the two per cent measure, the "Three Per Cent Law" referred to continues in operation. Under this law, the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted to the United States in any fiscal year is limited to three per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the United States census of 1910.

The total number of immigrants who entered the United States during the twenty-year period which ended in June, 1921, amounted to almost 15,000,000. Among those who came during this twenty-year period were representatives of 45 different races of people, speaking 37 different languages or dialects. While the percentages of Catholic immigrants will be referred to later in this article, it may be stated here that, prior to 1921, something like 120,000 Catholic immigrant children arrived in the United States each year. Under the restrictive immigration law, the alien influx will be approximately 250,000 per year. The first year's results under the "Three Per Cent Law" show that of the total gain in population by immigration last year (110,000), less than 7,000 of this gain was in men; 103,000 was in women and children.

While the effect of the "Three Per Cent Law" was a lessening of the acuteness of the immigrant problem, both as regards Americanization work generally and the aid and follow-up work of the Catholic body of the United States in behalf of the immigrants coming from Catholic countries, assimilation of the alien population now in the United States and the work in behalf of those now coming still constitute one of the most serious problems which confront both the Church and the Nation as a whole. The extent of this problem may be realized

by a careful scrutiny of the table printed herewith. This table classifies by nationalities the 5,648,963 immigrants admitted during the ten-year period previous to June 30, 1921, and lists the permanent gain or loss, and the total Catholic gain.

IT must be remembered that not all who come remain permanently in the United States.

As a general thing, about 40 per cent of our present immigrants stay with us for a few years and then go home. Perusing the figures for immigration and emigration for the ten-year period previous to June, 1921, shows that the percentage of those who go home is greater among the races of those who have their origin in southeastern Europe. For instance, during the last ten years, 51,000 Bulgarians, Serbs and Montenegrins arrived here and more than 67,000 went away. The figures for the Chinese show that against the 22,000 who arrived, 25,000 went home. Compared with numbers arriving during this period, 86 per cent of the Finns, 65 per cent of the Hungarians, 56 per cent of the Russians left us. So also did 55 per cent of the Slovaks, 52 per cent of the Greeks, 50 per cent of the Italians, 38 per cent of the Poles, 30 per cent of the Scandinavians, 18 per cent of the Germans, 13 per cent of the Irish, and less than 5 per cent of the Jews, to whom must be given the palm for stick-to-itiveness. Compared to those who come and go, the percentage of those who stay with us permanently is greatest among the Jews.

It will be seen by reference to the table that out of the total gain for the ten-year period mentioned (3,522,048) the Catholic gain amounted to 1,637,117. Not quite 50 per cent, therefore, of the permanent gain as a result of immigration is made up of Catholic immigrants. This figure alone indicates the seriousness of the problem of "Americanizing" these new-comers to America, as well as of conserving them to the Catholic religion. The reader will see at once the imperative need of properly assimilating these millions of foreign-born who have come among us and of bringing them to a better understanding of our American system of government, its relations to those who live under it, their duties and their re-

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sponsibilities, as well as their rights. These immigrants have an appeal, however, not only to our Americanism and our national ideal of solidarity and union and strength; there is the responsibility of saving them to our Faith. Fifty per cent of those who come are, or ought to be, Catholics. At least they were Catholics in their native countries, and we must see to it that they do not lose the gift of Faith once they take on the blessings of liberty.

The Church, therefore, has a great responsibility in dealing with the immigration problem. The problem is not confined to any one diocese or community, but is both a local and a national one. For this reason the National Catholic Welfare Council, over two years ago, established a national bureau of immigration and made the work of immigrant aid one of its principal activities. It will be understood, of course, that the Welfare Council as a whole was organized by the American Hierarchy and is now operating under the direction of an Administrative Committee of archbishops and bishops for the purpose of unifying and coordinating Catholic effort throughout the nation for the common good of Church and State. In perhaps no other field of activity is the opportunity for service to both so great and the demand so urgent as in the wide field of immigrant aid and follow-up. To save Catholic immigrants to the Faith, to assist all Catholic organ-

izations and agencies that are working with this end in view, and to aid these strangers in the heart of America to understand our country and to assume citizenship under its Constitution, are the primary objects of the Bureau of Immigration of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

It should be stated here that for more than half a century various groups of Catholics and various

Catholic agencies have pioneered in this work and, under disheartening conditions, have accomplished results which deserve the praise and gratitude of every Catholic in the United States. Not until the establishment of the N. C. W. C. Bureau, however, was there any national agency operating which aimed to coordinate the work of all groups and societies interested in this important problem.

The N. C. W. C. Immigration Bureau has established working contacts with responsible Catholic welfare organizations in Austria, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, England, France, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Rumania and Scotland. Through its headquarters office at Washington, it has organized and is now conducting branch offices at New York, Ellis Island, Philadelphia, El Paso and Seattle. Cooperating with the Welfare Council and its staff of port workers are representatives of several of the leading racial groups of American Catholics. An overseas

CLASSIFICATION OF IMMIGRANTS ADMITTED DURING THE
TEN-YEAR PERIOD PREVIOUS TO JUNE 30, 1921

Nationality	Immigrants Admitted	Permanent Gain	Catholic Gain
African	69,623	54,685	1,093
Armenian	28,954	22,636	23,497
Bohemian, Moravian	34,415	29,374	14,637
Bulgarian, Serb, Montenegrin	51,733	—15,833*	—158*
Chinese	21,973	—3,300*	—3*
Croatian, Slovenian	118,771	66,746	51,061
Cuban	25,446	10,221	9,403
Dalmatian, Herz., Bos.	14,866	9,640	192
Dutch, Flemish	86,997	70,485	22,555
East Indian	1,398	—70*	—
English	416,895	314,562	18,873
Finnish	55,801	7,804	692
French	184,709	140,885	114,116
German	303,380	248,263	91,857
Greek	233,230	108,078	4,323
Hebrew	518,978	494,084	—
Irish	238,851	206,908	148,973
Italian	1,197,792	544,175	544,175
Japanese	86,894	69,260	—
Korean	1,102	692	—
Lithuanian	65,571	46,301	20,888
Magyar	115,479	42,248	22,391
Mexican	217,764	158,160	155,160
Pacific Islander	89	55	—
Polish	423,926	256,851	201,206
Portuguese	82,143	55,397	50,000
Rumanian	55,437	11,308	113
Russian	140,325	61,298	5,516
Russniak	96,157	78,177	7,135
Scandinavian	228,497	164,056	—
Scotch	193,155	135,632	14,999
Slovak	120,215	53,747	40,300
Spanish	122,334	80,922	80,000
Spanish American	22,966	16,299	13,202
Syrian	35,770	28,595	15,726
Turkish	7,522	1,280	—
Welsh	14,879	12,507	750
West Indian	11,893	6,455	645
Other Peoples	23,033	—76,535*	—36,250*
TOTAL	5,648,963	3,522,048	1,637,117

* Loss occasioned by excess of emigration over immigration. No effort is made by the United States Government to assemble statistics regarding the religion of immigrants. The statistics of the religion of the races referred to in the foregoing table were compiled by Mr. Joseph I. Breen, European Representative, Bureau of Immigration, National Catholic Welfare Council.

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commissioner of the Bureau has spent several months in Europe studying the various aspects of the problem there, establishing communication with Catholic organizations and arranging for international cooperation and follow-up.

THE work in behalf of the immigrant involves, therefore, three distinct phases: First, the purely humanitarian effort, involving the looking after the physical comforts and safety of the emigrant en route and the assistance and follow-up involved in aiding him safely to his destination; secondly, Americanization, involving guidance and assistance in preparing for and undergoing successfully the naturalization process; and thirdly, Faith-conservation or the safeguarding of his religion during his journey to and after arrival in the United States.

On the humanitarian side, the N. C. W. C. seeks to aid the immigrant through his long and difficult journey to America. Only those who have thoroughly studied the difficulties of the emigrant en route can appreciate how really dangerous this journey is and how necessary it is that a responsible and capable scrutiny be exercised over him during his period of travel. The N. C. W. C. Bureau has discovered that any worth-while effort in immigrant aid work must begin when the emigrant leaves his native city or town and not after his arrival at our port of entry. In other words, Catholic effort in behalf of the Catholic immigrant, to be effective, must start when the immigrant starts. Non-Catholic agencies, operating in European ports of embarkation, are especially active in this respect and it is extremely important that Catholic welfare organizations have representatives throughout Europe whose duties would be the care and direction of prospective emigrants to America. Other important aspects of the work involve the care of the immigrant at Ellis Island and the aid and follow-up necessary after he has reached his point of destination. At this point, both in the fields of general welfare and citizenship, as well as in the field of religion, the work requires the services of interested Catholics. The N. C. W. C. Bureau aims to enlist the aid of lay organizations of Catholics in all parts of the country and to coordinate their efforts under the direction of local ecclesiastical authority in looking after the spiritual and material needs of our foreign born. This work offers a great opportunity for effective service in the field of applied Christian-

ity. To the extent that we as Catholics take advantage of this opportunity will depend whether or not the immigrant will become an asset or a liability to the Catholic faith and the Church in America and whether or not he will become a good or bad citizen of his adopted country.

WORD should be added in regard to what has come to be known as "Americanization" work. According to the 1920 census, the total foreign-born population of the United States on January 1, 1920, numbered 13,920,692. Of this total 6,493,088 were naturalized and 5,398,605 were alien. Expressed in percentages, the distribution was: naturalized, 46.6 per cent; first papers, 8.8 per cent; alien, 38.8 per cent; and not reported, 5.8 per cent. These figures indicate the extent of the Americanization problem and the Catholic responsibility therein. For more than four years the National Catholic Welfare Council has made this work one of its principal activities. Its literature and program have been commented upon as the most constructive and practical in use by any agency operating in this field. For instance, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in an editorial printed some time ago, commented upon the N. C. W. C. program as follows: "The Council is planning in the most constructive way to make Americans, actual and potential, realize that good citizenship is a matter of great concern to them not only on election day, but on every other day. . . . Beyond the immediate work of the Welfare Council is the assurance that the effective machinery of the Roman Catholic Church is exerting its great influence in these fretful days of reconstruction in the direction of better Americanism and better citizenship. The Church itself is international, but its hierarchy and its membership are American. This speaks in many ways, but in none more plainly and forcibly than in the work of the Catholic Welfare Council in the field of citizenship." It may be stated here that the Council's "*Civics Handbook on the Rights and Duties of American Citizens*" has been translated into Italian, Polish, Slovak, German, Spanish, Rumanian, Arabic, Luthuanian, Portuguese, Slovenian, Croatian, Hungarian and Bohemian, and is being widely and effectively used in community Americanization work among the racial groups named. In these foreign language editions of the *Civics Hand-*

(Continued on page 420)

The Shielding

B. J. MURDOCH

FATHER O'DEA, with whom I sat on his verandah, had been a military chaplain in the late war; now he was parish priest in one of the quietest parishes of the diocese. He was a comparatively young man with a strong, pleasant face, in the eyes of which a bright, steady light burned quietly, save when the slightest animation manifested itself, then a strange excitement danced therein while the hands gesticulated in quick, nervous movements. Those who knew Father O'Dea best, agreed that these signs of excitement had never been seen before the war.

It was a beautiful spring evening; just beyond the green fields before us that reached to the shore, was God's great, wide, tumbling sea stretching away and away to the skyline. Along the shore a number of men were busy calking upturned boats with oakum. Above the offing small flocks of terns circled and poised and dipped as they searched the waters for their prey. Beside the salt breath of the sea and the odors of boiling tar there came to us the scent of opening buds and fresh new grass. In the field some new spring lambs trotted after their mothers.

All things seemed to breathe the spirit of peace; deep, quiet peace. I should have been contented with contemplating the peace and beauty of the scene that lay before me, yet I longed to hear some story of war, from good Father O'Dea. I knew if I could but make the remark that would strike fire, the rest would be easy.

I had tried a few remarks but no ignition followed. Then a young man who had been painting the large Calvary in the cemetery came to speak to the priest concerning the work, and when he had gone I knew that fire had been struck.

"Calvaries were very common in France," said Father O'Dea. "One saw them at almost every crossroads, and often as they passed, mud bespattered, war-weary lads looked up to the eyes of the Christ that looked down."

The priest was quiet for a little, and a little mist came into his eyes that seemed to look far out beyond the sea to the fields of France. Then he repeated softly, as if he had forgotten my presence: "The little white crosses, the little white

crosses, up the roads to Saras, down Amiens ways, and along the Somme, marking the tolls we paid for our wayfaring."

I waited in respectful silence as Father O'Dea continued his musings, for I knew the heart of the Chaplain was with the lads who slept so silently among the rows of little white wooden crosses "In Flanders Fields."

Presently the musing ceased and his voice became more animated as he asked me quickly if he ever told me of Private Sharpe.

I could not recall ever having heard the good priest mention Private Sharpe, and in telling him this, in a steady, quiet voice, he began his story.

I was early in December, 1917, that I met Private Sharpe. I had just finished an early Mass in a large canteen tent in Carency, and was making my way back to my dugout when a bright-faced young soldier caught up with me and asked me if I was a 'Catholic Padre.'

"I said I was and then I told him to which unit I was attached and where my dugout was situated. He asked me if he might accompany me to my billet as he had something he wished to tell me.

"We entered the little low dugout, and I gave him the only seat available, which was a small empty wooden box that had contained rations. The dugout was quite warm, for a little fire of charcoal glowed in a tiny stove that a soldier had manufactured for me. I sat on the plank bed.

"The young soldier began to speak of Paschendael, for this was then our latest battle and one of the most terrible engagements of the whole war; not only on account of the terrible shelling of large enemy guns but also on account of the quagmires and mud.

"I waited for the soldier to state his business. I judged from the manner in which he addressed me that he was not a Catholic. Presently he drew a large Crucifix from his tunic pocket and held it reverently in his hand. It was almost as large as the Crucifix worn by Redemptorist Fathers when giving a mission.

"He passed the Crucifix to me in silence, but I noticed his eyes rested just below the feet of the

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corpus. I looked where his eyes had been fixed and there I noticed embedded in the metal and wood of the cross two large bullets, one just below the other. I wondered how they had come there, then the young man began to speak.

"I found it in a trench one night, when we were going in at Lens; one arm was sticking out from the wall just above the revetting. I was about to pass it by when something seemed to tell me to pull it out and take it along with me. I did not examine it very closely at the time. I just slipped it quietly into my right lower tunic pocket.

"The following night I went out to get some coal, and just as we were going into the slag heap 'Old Fritz' opened up with machine-gun fire, killed one of my companions, slightly wounded two, leaving the Corporal and me untouched. When we reached the medical aid post, I remembered having received a slight blow on the side covered by my lower right tunic pocket. I thought of the Crucifix and presently I had removed it from my pocket, and in the small clear light of the doctor's carbon lamp, examined it. Just below the feet of the Christ was lodged this machine-gun bullet; it was still warm and there was a small hole in my tunic pocket.'

THE young man looked from the Crucifix to me, but I said nothing. I waited for him to continue; which he did presently.

"Although I had not examined the Crucifix carefully the night I found it, I felt sure the bullet was not there then, and that it had lodged there during our visit to the slag heap. For some reason or other I now began carrying the Crucifix in my lower left tunic pocket. Nothing striking happened till just one week ago I was coming out of the line over on the LeBassee front. Old Fritz must have got word that we were going out, for his machine guns were particularly busy—when suddenly I felt a blow on my left side, somewhat similar to the one I had felt on my right not long before. When we were beyond Fritz's range I removed the Crucifix from my left lower tunic pocket, this time there was another bullet lodged just beneath the former one.'

"The young man ceased speaking and again regarded me keenly as if he expected some comment, but for some reason I could not speak, yet I know not why, for I had grown accustomed to many strange happenings on the Western front.

"'Father,' continued the young man gently, 'I am

not of your faith, but I know your people hold the cross in great veneration, and I think it is fitting you should. However, I am going to keep this Crucifix always with me, for I feel that while I have it about my person God is going to protect me.'

"Before I returned the Crucifix to the young man I raised it to my lips and reverently I kissed the feet of my Crucified Master.

"I did not see the young man again till early in April. I think it was Easter week. He was coming out of the city of Arras and I was going in. He was walking with the quartermaster of his battalion who I learned later had been one of his boyhood friends. The soldier seemed somewhat excited when he saw me and began to run toward me, opening his tunic as he came, the quartermaster followed him, but he came slowly.

"'Father,' said the young man quickly, as he drew from beneath his tunic the Crucifix I had seen before, only this time it was attached to a cord about his neck, 'look at my Crucifix.'

"I looked closely, and there piercing one knee of the corpus was a machine-gun bullet and just above the arm in the cross were two more.

I FELT awed as I gazed from the cross to the soldier. There seemed to be some strange spiritual exaltation about him that made him appear younger.

"'Father,' he said, 'after I saw you last, fearing I might somehow lose this Crucifix, I put this cord through it and began wearing it about my neck, the cross usually rested above my heart. Within the last month these bullets have lodged in it. God is protecting me. I feel I shall be safe so long as I carry the cross.'

"The quartermaster looked at me, and although he was not a Catholic, said reverently: 'It seems very strange, Padre, it makes five times now that he has been saved from being hit.'

"I never saw the young soldier afterwards, but I remember one evening in a little town called Warvillers, the quartermaster who had been with him at Arras stopped me in the road. We stepped to the curb as very much traffic was passing.

"'Padre,' said the officer speaking above the noise of the rattling vehicles, 'do you remember Private Sharpe, who spoke to you about the Crucifix, that day in Arras?'

(Continued on page 428)

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(JAMES KENT STONE)

TWILIGHT

THE *Invitation Heeded* was the subject of the leading article of the CATHOLIC WORLD for November, 1870. The reviewer collected the estimates placed on the book by the Catholic and non-Catholic publications of the day. Unless for interested reasons those of the latter were violently hostile. The Reviewer in the WORLD had but to repeat in an abbreviated form the book to present to his critics an effective rejoinder. So admirable, in fact, is this digest that one could wish it were reprinted with the book, much as summaries are included within the covers of Continental publications. Our reader will be more inclined to agree with us when we reveal the identity of the Reviewer.

It is pleasing to record that the leading reviews of our day had like words of commendation when Father Fidelis re-issued, practically unchanged, his former book. Though a half century had passed, the defence he set up is quite as impregnable and his attack as telling to-day as then. The book is in a word a classic in controversial literature. Dr. Moran, writing in the Irish Theological Quarterly, expresses the surprise he felt when he came upon the opening words of part second in the AWAKENING... "Fifty years have passed since the foregoing chapter were written." He had until then thought the book a contemporary publication.

Our interest in referring to the article in the WORLD is readily understood from a perusal of the following letter:

Church of Saint Paul, 59th St.,
October 22nd, 1870.

Dear Mother Xavier:

... In the November number of the Catholic World, should you chance to see it, is an article reviewing some of the criticisms of my book. It may perhaps interest you to know that the article was written by myself. I did it very reluctantly, but Father Hecker put me under obedience. I am afraid I had to show a good deal of self-conceit. The "London Tablet" of October 8th has quite an extended review of the book. . .

Yours very sincerely,

James K. Stone.

Few of our readers will be able to consult the article. For their benefit we subjoin a few extracts. Besides, these quotations would have found

a place in his autobiography had he been willing to write one. The first passage might have been written by him fifty years later. As years went on he became more intolerant of heresy. He literally tried to live down his former record—his Protestant career. It is no reflection on the high purposes the Converts League strives for, to say that he personally would have nothing to do with it. A convict would hardly be more sensitive about a reference to days past and gone than he was to the time he lived outside the pale of the true Church.

"We are glad, to begin with, that the Catholic press has treated Dr. Stone and his work in the quiet manner in which it has. There has been none of that parade which generally announces a conversion from one of the sects to another, and invariably heralds an apostasy from the Catholic Church to any form of heresy. We are glad because we are not sure that there have not been cases in which the welcome extended by Catholics to new-comers into the Church has been so demonstrative as to be entirely misunderstood, and to beget in the mind of the returned prodigal a disastrous notion of his own importance. Pride is the first of the deadly sins in the catechism, as it was in heaven. There has been more than one Jeshurun among Catholic converts who has waxed fat and kicked. Dr. Stone has, we believe, too much good sense, and we hope, too much humility to misinterpret the kind words which have been spoken to him, or to be surprised he has not received more. The Catholic Church does not need any man. The Church is not a party to be strengthened or weakened by accessions or defections. The Church is God's means for saving a fallen world; and the means are just as efficacious whether men make use of them or not. If Catholics are ready to kill the fatted calf for a new convert, it is to rejoice with him, not to congratulate themselves. They think he has done a good thing, so far as his own eternal welfare is concerned; at the same time, they are quite prepared to tell him that, if he imagines that by accepting a proffered grace he has done Almighty God or Holy Catholic Church any service whatsoever, he is afflicted with a most miserable and soul-destroying delusion. So, if we were to sum up and freely interpret what Catholics have

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said this summer to the author of *The Invitation Heeded*, it would be something like this: "Well, young man, we are sincerely rejoiced that you have had the courage to take the step you have taken. We are sure you are happy; and we wish you great joy hereafter. You have written a clever book, and we are not sorry for it. Not that we needed your services, but because we trust that, by the mercy of God, what you have to say may reach the hearts of some of those whom you have left behind in the 'wilderness.' And now remember that you are not saved yet, by a good deal. We hope that you will go to work at once, and do all you can to make your vocation and election sure, for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

ONE more quotation must be given for its biographical value. He had two moods in relation to Protestantism as a system; the second mood quite the reverse of the one referred to, could be described, as hilarious. He never exhausted for instance the depths of merriment contained in the famous passage in *The Present Position of Catholics*, where Newman describes the periodic uproars fanatical ministers cause in the peaceful atmosphere of English life.

"But since we are very sure," (he is quoting one of his critics) "that it will be thrust *volens volens* upon all churchmen, especially the young, who can be induced to look at it, perhaps it is right to say a word or two upon its true character."

To which Kent Stone replies:

"And after this wry face follows—what? Argument? Refutation? Not a bit of it. The good Christian and genuine Catholic goes off at once, and begins to call names and sling innuendoes in the old, old, familiar style. He tells Dr. Stone that he is a "stalking-horse"; that he is not like John Henry Newman or any other man, who has brains; that he had simply "caught" Romanism, as people catch ship-fever by encountering a car-load of emigrants just up from Castle Garden, quite accidentally; that it is "just utter nonsense" to say that his examination was a fair one; that there is "not much of argument to reply to" (and none, depend upon it, which is replied to); and that, while Dr. Stone would doubtless "never tell a lie for twelve and a half cents," it is not inconceivable that he "would tell eight lies for a dollar." This last bit of

Connecticut wit is clinched with the most delicate and urbane effectiveness. "We do not mean," he says, "to intimate that Dr. Stone is dishonest. . . Oh, no, never, not by any means!" And then the whole fanfaronade closes with the despairing avowal: "We have looked in vain for any tangible and real point of argument in this volume upon which to concentrate an attack."

"And what is this, O gentle Churchman! . . . but the ancient story of the file and the biter of the file? What is it but saying in your own especial manner what we said a few months ago, that for those who believe in any historical Christianity at all, the argument of this book is direct and unanswerable?"

"We suppose that a 'stalking-horse' must be something bad; for we notice that several irritated critics, besides our Hartford acquaintance, have told Dr. Stone that he is one. We do not know what exasperating force there may be in this singular term, nor whether it is likely to have upon Dr. Stone anything of the effect which a not dissimilar epithet had upon the elder Weller. For the sake of the critics, we hope the doctor will not indulge in any such outbursts as were wont to cover that dear old hero with glory. We warn him that we shall not hold him justified for any ebullition, however successful by any such plea as, "He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath!" Seriously, these Episcopal doctors have made a mistake in thinking to weaken the force of Dr. Stone's book by charging that it is not fully and fairly his own production. Apart from its petty malice, such an assertion is an unconscious tribute to the learning of a volume which the president of two Episcopal colleges was considered incapable of writing. As a matter of fact, *The Invitation Heeded* is by no means a profoundly learned work. Its force lies not in the depth of its research, but in the closeness and clearness of its reasoning.

"We had the curiosity to inquire of Dr. Stone personally what assistance he had received in the compilation of his book. He informed us that with exception of a single reference to St. Augustine, he received no assistance whatsoever. We take the liberty of making this answer public."

All this personal abuse of an author goes for nothing, or rather tells in his favor. Is not this last particular trick, by the way of pronouncing a man *ipso facto* insane who is able to apprehend the

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truth of the Catholic religion about "played out?"

A few strokes—drawn by himself—must suffice to outline his Catholic life.

AFTER a few years as a Paulist, he joined the Passionists. For a short time after his novitiate days—we hope for its edification that the public will one day hear the story of that episode in his life—he went about giving missions. So great was his fame that while preaching at the Baltimore Cathedral, President Arthur and his cabinet came up from Washington to attend one of the services.

Then followed the great renunciation which led him to make South America the field of his life work. In the Spring of 1880 we find him at Rome.

S. S. Giovanni e Paolo,

Rome, 11 March, 1880.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am sure you haven't forgotten me, and I hope you still pray for me sometimes. I am becoming quite Romanized here; and quite a monk, too, for the observance here is very strict. I am very well, and extremely happy. It is just the opportunity which I desired, and needed, to cultivate a little of the interior spirit, and do some penance for my sins. I don't say I have profited much by it as yet, but I hope to before I go back to America. I don't know when that will be; but I'm sure I hope it won't be very soon. You see, Reverend Mother, I wasn't fit to go round giving missions, and talking away like a "tinkling cymbal." I hadn't any good foundation, and God knows whether I ever shall have. So, as I have said, pray for me a bit now and then.

Always your sincere and grateful friend in our Blessed Lord,

Fidelis Stone.

Rome, 16 May, 1880.

H. L. Richards, Esq.,

My Dear Old Friend:

I think I may call you so, for indeed you are about the oldest friend I have. I have no friends back of the day when I was born into the blessed fold of Christ's Church. It is but a little more than 10 years, but it seems to me like a long life-time, since I began to live. How crowded with memories! How many experiences, sweet and bitter; how many painful lessons; how many new friends scattered here and there; how many dead and gone! . . . God help us! I am getting very anxious, for I fear I have spent ten years and have yet to begin.

When I call you my 'old friend,' I mean to count myself as old too: for I feel much advanced, and as if I belonged to the same set with your dear, sweet, humble, "friend White"—and Mr. Hoyte—Father Hoyte

now, God bless him—of New York. I am getting quite rheumatic and stiff in the limbs, and my hair falls whiter each time that the brother crops it. So you see, I laughed heartily all by myself, when you spoke of the great work which lies before me, and of your desire to hear the "trumpet sounding in our midst again!" Bless you, it was only a penny whistle at best, and it's cracked now. Honestly, I have never gotten over that attack of pneumonia which I had, and I don't think I shall. I may do some quiet work here and there, but as for being a great missionary, that will never be, my dearest friend, and the "great work" which still "lies before me" is to save my poor miserable soul. I know the "fields are white" in America, but others must be the reapers—the GREAT reapers: and you and I, though we may gather a few handfuls, must content ourselves with fulfilling our Lord's command of "PRAYING" the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers" . . .

Do you know I came near running away from the United States altogether, and going down to Buenos Aires, where there is also some reaping to be done. I offered to go, and the Father General was very propitious: but I think it is hardly likely now, for other arrangements seem to have been made, or partly made. I only mention this to show you how little I am impressed with the "great work," etc., and how little desire I have to "sound the trumpet" in the "center of Puritanism."

Rome, April 27, 1881.

My Dear Old Friend:

I have received sudden notice to go to Buenos Aires, and have only time for this little good-bye. We will sail from Genoa direct. Pray for me, and I will not forget you and yours.

Fidelis a Cruce.

How about that penny whistle? Won't it astonish the natives on the Campos of La Plata? What the hods as long as you're 'appy?

We subjoin portions of letters written from different points of South America.

Paraguari, Paraguay,

July 22, 1883.

Henry L. Richards, Esq.,

My Dear Old Friend,

If I mistake not, this is the 69th anniversary of your entrance into this miserable world; and I congratulate, not so much yourself, as THE WORLD upon the event. One of the best things about it is that you haven't the least idea how much sweeter and better the world is for you being in it. You think you are only a bunch of old herbs laid on the shelf to dry. Well, dried herbs are often the most aromatic, and I can distinctly perceive, down here in the heart of this ruined and unhappy paradise, a faint fragrance which I know is not that of any plant indigenous to south-

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ern soil. It comes from the North. It has been wafted across the tropics. It is redolent of green and hale old age, of staunch and sturdy faith. Ah, it is a rare and choice old plant that! not an exotic, for it can stand a northern winter, and has a right to the soil, but it is a marvelous variety for all that—a graft of Puritanism on the old Catholic stock.

I don't know whether you are a Puritan, but it's all the same. You breathe of Boston.

Now, see here, I'm not going to write you a letter. I'm afraid of you. I'm afraid of getting into the papers! I haven't written any letters that I could help for the last two years, for months and months I haven't written any at all. You seem to think "Miss Edith" knows all about me, but I assure you she don't. She is probably "miffed," like many other good friends of mine, because I have been so impolite. All her eloquent shots glanced off from my impervious cuticle. Ha, ha! that's a "good one"! But YOU are not miffed. Your charity is too well seasoned, too mellow. And even if I am not one of the corresponding kind, you will pray for me sometimes, at least on first-class feasts.

I know it is too bad to disappoint you, there is so much I might write about, which would be interesting: about this beautiful, half-tropical land of Paraguay; and how it looks now after the war, that awful war, in which all the men were killed off, so that now there are only women, and young lads who were babies then; or we might ride away through the forests to visit the remains of one of the old Jesuit Mission Churches, and that would please you most of all, and your dear old eyes would fill with tears as you gazed in the ancient sanctuary, still rich in its ruins. Or I might give you a history of our foundation in Buenos Aires, and tell you how my last companion in the priesthood laid himself down to die, worn out, a gallant young soldier, patient and at peace; and how I was ready to lie down by his side; and how reinforcements came at last; and how prosperous we are now, with our neat little church and convent and well-shaded grounds. I might do all this, and other things beside, but you see I just won't, because I am mean and stupid. And as I said before, this is no letter, but only a little love-token on your 69th birthday. . .

Off Tierra del Fuego,
July 3, 1887.

Mr. Henry L. Richards,
My Dear Old Friend:

I send you a line from this inhospitable coast, which will be as good as a long letter from anywhere else. It is midwinter, you see, and a squally day, and these bleak shores remind me of those dreary regions we used to read about in the Odyssey, where sempiternal horror reigned.

I received a lovely letter from you some time ago. I haven't it with me, and so I cannot reply to it in detail (it's in "our" trunk), but I congratulate you

once more on your green and happy old age. The photograph came also in splendid condition, shortly before we left Buenos Aires. What a surprise! Now all I will say is this: if you can put your hand to your heart and say that you felt not the least movement of complacency when your eyes rested on that selfsame devoted phiz, then you have reached a higher degree of perfection than I give you credit for.

Fr. Edmund (Hill) and I are on our way to Valparaiso. You know perhaps that I was there a year ago, with a certain Fr. Louis, at which time we laid the cornerstone of our new church, on the top of the "Cerro Alegre," overlooking the city. Fr. Edmund is to be stationed at Valparaiso, and I myself expect to remain there more or less permanently until such time as (D. V.) a community can be established there in good order. We have received reinforcements at Bs. Aires, and our foundations there and at Salto are going finely. We have a seminary of some twenty postulants at the latter place. We have also been buying some land in another quarter. I thought of you on St. Magdalen's Day; but it was the day before we sailed, and I had no time for writing.

Love to all now, and pray for us. You are on the mountains of Beulah. May the light of your life brighten "more and more unto the perfect day."

Ever faithfully and affectionately in our B. Lord,
Fidelis, C.P.

S. S. "Santa Rosa,"
Off the Coast of Peru,
May 5, 1889.

My Dear Old Friend:

I think it will please you to learn that I am coming north, having received permission from Rome to visit Mexico and the United States, in the interests of our Chilian mission. I think the cause is one which ought to interest my countrymen. South America is waking up, and there is danger that in the revival the old-time Spanish Catholicity will be shaken off and trodden under foot. Our Passionist mission in South America is composed of North American and Irish priests and we are doing whatever we can in an humble way to infuse a little of Northern vigor—something of the true American spirit—into South American Catholicity. We have now three foundations in the Argentine Republic, and one in Chile. Things are going well with us in Argentina; but in Chile we have had to struggle hard, and need a little help. Pray for us now, that God may bless our work, and give us success, if it be His Will, in our present difficult journey. Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary (formerly Father Hill of the Paulists) is my companion in this expedition. We are bound first for Mexico, where we have two houses of our Order; then we go to California before turning our faces Eastward. We hope to visit also the great Northwest. But I cherish the hope of reaching the Hub of the Universe at last. I wonder will Boston be kind to me.

THE † SIGN

The last word will bear witness to the depths of what all saw who knew him, his passionate love for the Mother of God and of us. He wrote, January 20, 1921, the year of his death:

I am very weak. I have been through the valley of the shadow of death. For the last twenty-four hours (since your letter came) I have been praying in an agony to our Blessed Lady, our dear Lady of Sorrow and of Good Counsel to get me the strength which I needed to answer you, my darling. She knows how much I need it. To her I gave you long ago, and whenever during all these long weary years I have been tempted to repine or to faint, I have gone straight to her, and she has restored all my trust in her. I have never asked her for anything, never asked her to give you back (God forbid!) Never asked her to put it in your heart to write to me. I

simply told her that she knew it all. She who knows what it is to love her Only One with a love beyond our comprehension. She knew how poor and weak and worthless I am; told her that I trusted her and would always trust her and that I knew she would keep you safe. . .

Wonderful things are happening for me these days. Things are coming right which went wrong long years ago. How I thank God for it! I take these things coming together, as a gentle warning that the end is very near. She is putting things right for me just at the last, and only she could do it. . . You could not foresee or imagine the sudden breaking of the dark cloud on the low Western horizon, and the silent, quiet flood of heavenly light which would illuminate all the recesses of my soul.

THE END



To the Virgin Mother

(From the Bulgarian: early xviii century)

OSWALD DONNELLY, C.P.

I love thee,
Virgin, eternal Mother:
My hope!

Near to thee:
Do not leave me
Ever!

That which thou wilt:
That may I do!
Do thou but speak.

Take my heart,—
May it betray thee
Never!

Mother, do not leave,—
Stay with me
For ever!

The Victor and The Vanquished

VICTORIA RICHMOND

SOFTLY and slowly the window near the head of the bed opened and a gust of air from the inky blackness outside blew a loose tress across the face of the sleeping girl causing her to stir restlessly in her sleep.

The man stepped quickly and quietly over the sill, and with one flash of his light to make sure that she had not awakened, stepped rapidly to the bureau with the surety of one who had a well-laid plan in his mind. The dainty jewelled watch disappeared in the depth of one pocket and the loose rings scattered about, into another, while the contents of the jewel box, left temptingly in sight with the carelessness of confiding youth, were slipped into a third.

"So easy!" he said to himself. "Things always come my way," and he smiled with a sense of victory. Then a frown chased the smile away. "Too bad Mother cannot see it in a sensible way." Ah! There was the flaw in his satisfaction. Mother could not see it as he did. He was scarcely more than a boy, and she was still young, but at the first intimation of the source

of his income, her raven black hair had turned slowly gray, and deep wrinkles had furrowed their way through the smooth white forehead.

She found work—arduous work—which kept her not far from poverty, but she would not touch one penny of his ill-gotten goods.

"Where was the harm?" he asked. He only took from the rich who had more than their right and should be forced to share it. But he argued all in vain. Was she afraid for him? He assured her he would never be caught. He worked alone, confided in no one, and an unerring instinct told him when and where to strike.

"When you battle with Christ, you will surely lose in the end," was her answer, and she took refuge in prayer to heal her broken heart.

He loved her in his own way, and her words often rang in his ears. Over and over he said: "Next time will be the last. I will give it up and make her happy," but the next time was all too easy and his resolution came to naught.

He turned to go. Once more his flash-light swept the room and it fell upon a sparkling object lying on the maiden's breast.

"A diamond brooch of priceless value, no doubt. I must have that at any cost," and he bent over her to seize it.

The motion awoke her. With eyes dilated with terror, she sat bolt upright, and clutching the shining object, held it at arm's length towards him.

He took a step backward. It was no jeweled

trinket, but a silver Christ on a silver cross, and it quivered in the light like a living thing.

Cold sweat stood on his brow. What was he afraid of? he asked himself. What kind of a fool was he? He who had never known fear, was he to turn cold at the sight of a dead Christ on a metal cross?

No, it was not a dead Christ! The darkness hid the girl's pallid face and the horror in her eyes, but the light shone full on her trembling hand, and in it the Christ hung living, quivering, suffering, and His dying eyes gazed full upon the man.

For an instant he hesitated. The glowing figure of the Crucified Christ seemed to burn its way into his heart and brain. There rang in his ears the words of his aged mother: "When you battle with Christ you will surely lose."

He drew the jewels from his pocket and flung them on the bed, and, covering his light, backed slowly towards the window.

"Christ," he whispered hoarsely, "you win!" and then the window slowly closed and he dropped down into the darkness of the night.

The Penitent

Sister MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

(In the early ages of the Church, Sinners who had been doing public penance were publicly reconciled and received Communion during Holy Week.)

Death that wantoned once with Hell,
Comes from Calvary forgiven.
Houselled with God's Flesh and shriven,
Veiled and cloistered she shall dwell:
For Christ has changed her name to Sister Sleep,
And made her portress, Heaven's door to keep.

Miss Watts

ERNEST OLDMEADOW

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XII

WHAT she has told me about her locket does not help me in the least to probe the secret of Dollie's parentage, but it has thrown a flood of unexpected light on Dollie herself—on her temperament and character.

Dollie confirms Mrs. Horsley's report to the effect that she fails to remember a time when she did not have the locket, and that old Ann often bade her guard it most jealously because it was "her luck." Why it should be supposed to bring good fortune she cannot say. Up to now, Dollie's luck has left something to be desired.

At a first glance, the locket seems to be made from the cheap alloy which was used in my boyhood for metal teapots, but on a closer examination I am inclined to think that it is of steel. What interests me more than the locket itself is the cord. Its weight in the hand proves it was originally a thin, strong chain. With wonderful neatness and patience, somebody has tightly bound round the metal with black silk thread. Here and there the steel—I feel sure it is steel—shows through.

It appears that the painstaking workman who thus deftly clothed the cold steel with warm silk was the little boy in the sailor suit—the boy who called himself Nelson and Julius Caesar and the Great Mogul. Dollie remembers him working at her chain "dozens of times," while he sat and told her tales of pirates and shipwrecked sailors and stowaways and sunken Spanish galleons bursting with

treasure. The plain chain, she says, used to hurt her neck and that was why he improved it. It looks as if little Julius Caesar might also have named himself Romeo.

At present there is a yawning gap in Dollie's recollections. She is either unwilling or unable to remember how she came to exchange Ann and

Goodman and the old house for matrons and teachers and orphanages. As time passes, I may be able to make suggestion after suggestion, like a mason joining stone to stone, until the gulf is bridged.

Dollie recalls practically none of the days passed in her first institution, the Prince Albert Home for Orphan Girls, Oakwood, except the day of her sudden departure. Her locket was the pivot of the tragedy. Here are almost her own words, as she spoke them this evening with Rory on her knee and the locket in her hand.

"At Oakwood," she said, "there was a girl named Carrie Barker. Carrie Barker knew about my locket. We were not al-

lowed to keep what Matron called trash, so I hid my locket under a stone in the rockery. When we were allowed out to play, I used to put it on, if nobody was looking. One day I went and lifted up the stone and my locket was gone. I didn't dare to cry. And I couldn't tell anybody, because I was not supposed to wear anything except the regular clothes.

"That night I couldn't sleep. About three in

THE STORY SO FAR

With many misgivings, Martin Dacey, a middle-aged doctor, takes into his house an orphan girl called "Dollie Watts," whose real name and early history are unknown. He does so at the urgent request of Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington, a clever, energetic and large-hearted woman who is not an enthusiastic believer in the ordinary charitable societies. Dollie Watts is sixteen and has been made dull and spiritless by "institution" life. In Martin Dacey's house, she is under the care of Mrs. Horsley, the housekeeper; but Dollie is not treated as a servant, and the doctor himself takes a share in her education. The girl remembers having been brought up in a tumble-down house with a wild garden. An old locket is all she has saved from the past.

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the morning I happened to look at Carrie Barker's bed. There was a very bright moon, just past the full. Hanging out from under Carrie's pillow I saw a black cord and I knew it was my locket. Her bed was next to mine, so I could just stretch out my hand, without getting up, and pull the locket from under her pillow.

"In the morning, after prayers and breakfast, we were allowed a quarter of an hour in the garden. Carrie Barker came straight up to me and said: 'Somebody stole a locket from under my pillow last night!'

I SAID: 'No! Somebody stole a locket from under a stone yesterday afternoon.' At the same time I unclasped my fingers and showed her the locket, cord and all, in the palm of my hand.

"Like lightning, she snatched it out of my grasp and rushed away. If she had run among the other girls, we should have both been caught, and Carrie's word would have been as good as mine, and I might never have got my locket back. But she rushed the other way, where there was a long row of prickly loganberry and blackberry bushes at the foot of the wall. She crushed the locket into her pocket as she ran.

"I know now that I was wicked, but when I caught her, I said: 'Give it me back or I will kill you.' For a moment she was frightened because I was much stronger than she was, though she was older. All of a sudden, she said: 'If I can't have it, you shan't,' and she threw the locket over the wall.

"I didn't quite mean to do it, but I flew at Carrie and sent her flying all of a heap, into the bushes. Then I scrambled up the high wall, the way Julius Caesar taught me. It was a long drop on the other side, but I just jumped down without thinking. I landed in a quiet lane, and there was my locket hanging by the cord on a thorn-bush.

"For all I knew, Carrie was killed or hurt for life, so I took to my heels and ran till I was out of breath. That was how I left Oakwood and went to Sandy Hill; and it was the first time I saw Lady Hilda."

Dollie ended the tale abruptly. She had evidently been sustained in her long recital by the desire to make a clean breast of the one ugly chapter in her past—that is to say, her hurling of Carrie Barker's young and tender body into a dense

tangle of sharp thorns. Having thus eased her mind, she relapsed into awkward silence, and it was quite a difficult task to find out where and how Lady Hilda came into the affair.

I gather that Dollie was captured and haled back to Oakwood; that she endured a stormy week of reprimands, interrogations, commiserations; that a terrifying multitude of grown-up persons sat round a shiny table in a big room with a fire and a thick carpet; that these mighty ones had Dollie twice before them, locket and all; and finally that Lady Hilda took her away the same afternoon to Sandy Hill Orphanage, many miles distant, and introduced her to the matron with the words: "Here is Dollie Watts. I want you, as a special favor to me, to let her keep her old locket and cord. Then she'll always be a good girl."

To borrow Dollie's own phrase, I know I am wicked; but I like this unlucky child worlds better since hearing how she threw the little wretch Barker into the loganberry bushes.

XIII

I F I did not happen to know that her good works keep her fully employed, I should be thinking harshly of Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington. Beyond asking Dollie to tea once a month, her ladyship takes no part in the girl's upbringing. A glance back over this book tells me that Lady Hilda and I have not met since the third Monday in May—the afternoon we took Dollie to the sea—and today is the fourth Tuesday in July. This morning, however, a little affair has arisen which will compel me to make her busy ladyship spare me a few moments.

After breakfast, Mrs. Horsley said to me: "Doctor, perhaps you don't know that Dollie's birthday is this day week—the twenty-ninth of July."

I inquired how Mrs. Horsley knew. Only last week I was on the point of asking Dollie what might be the date of her birthday; but I checked myself, because I felt sure the child could not answer and that I should be reminding her of her loneliness and subjecting her to humiliation. It turns out, however, that Dollie is quite positive about the date. Two things have fixed it in her memory. The old woman called Ann, who looked after Dollie and the big mysterious house in Weissnichtwo, used to say to

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her: "Your name is Dorothea, not Dorothy, and you were born on the twenty-ninth of July, nineteen hundred and two." Moreover, Dollie remembers, that by a notable coincidence, the little boy who called himself Julius Caesar and Nelson, celebrated his birthday on July the twenty-eighth.

Mrs. Horsley wanted to know what we ought to do about it. I promised to think the matter over and sent her away. But, before I could put my mind to the task, Dollie herself came in, according to our regular programme, with the newspapers. When she had finished telling me the prime items of news—and, by the way, she improves amazingly in her intelligence and in her powers of expression—I asked bluntly:

"Dollie, what would you like best for your birthday present?"

I COULD see that my question took her by surprise, but she answered instantly and emphatically: "Nothing. Thanks for thinking of it, but . . . please, nothing. Here I have everything I can wish for."

Not for the first time, I observed the extraordinary expressiveness of Dollie's eyes. Just as a prism breaks the common light into many colors, Dollie's eyes can show forth at one and the same moment two or three different and even conflicting emotions which in speech or writing could only be made clear successively or by elaborate contrasts. Gratitude and affection were in her look—a gratitude and an affection which cried: "I know how good you are to me. I am so sure of it that I entreat you not to prove it any more." Yet, like the strange fires which torment the mildness of an opal, flashes of pride ran through Dollie's humility, like veins of quicksilver. I believe that she was conscious of nothing save a desperate desire to prevent my spending more time and trouble and money upon her; but, in her subconsciousness, there was also an instinctive revolt against the status of a dependent. To help the business on, I asked stupidly:

"What did you do on your other birthdays?"

The poor child tried to recount some cheerless reminiscences of the stingy extras to which birthdays were entitled in "institutions," but I cut her short and explained that I was going further back and that I wanted to know how her birthdays were spent in the time of Julius Caesar, alias Lord Nel-

son, alias the Great Mogul. She brightened in an instant and replied:

"I only remember one year. On Julius Caesar's birthday, he was twelve. The next day, I was nine. On his day, he brought a cake, with sugar letters on the top. He showed me a watch and a knife and some books, his presents. The next day was my birthday, and we finished the cake, under an apple tree and we ate some fallen apples, but they were sour. I gave him some toffee. Ann had made it for my birthday. He gave me his new knife, but I knew Goodman wouldn't let me keep it, so I hid it in a hole in the apple tree and perhaps it's there now.

She stopped. In the hope of snatching a clue to those early days, I asked, in an off-hand way:

"Don't you remember anything else?"

"No," Dollie answered. But a moment later she said eagerly. "Yes. When he had got over the wall to go home—it was on his birthday, not mine—he scrambled up again and bent over and said, 'Dollie, it's your birthday to-morrow. I've got an idea. Some day I'll climb over the wall at midnight, at the very moment when it's both our birthdays at once, when it's the last minute of my birthday and the first minute of yours.'"

THE onrush of this memory seemed to take entire possession of Dollie, so that she was oblivious of my presence. It was to her own self and not to me that she was telling the story of Julius Caesar's devotion. What would have happened if she had come to herself in the midst of my silence I don't know: because Mrs. Horsley entered the room at that moment. She handed me back the key of the dispensary, which she had been sweeping out, and then asked if I had thought any more about the birthday.

It is rarely that I have a bright idea at the right moment, but one came to me and I said: "Dollie would like a sort of picnic, in our own garden. When she was a little girl, she kept her birthday that way. Next Tuesday, if it's fine, we will have lunch or dinner, whichever she likes, under the trees. Dollie, what do you think?"

"Can we have it in my summer-house, my nasturtium summer-house?" asked Dollie, with the eagerness of a little child. "By next week it will be beautiful, with the walls and roof all green leaves and yellow flowers."

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I said "Yes," and Dollie hurried off into the garden. Through the open window I saw her enter the nasturtium bower, with a ball of fine string in her hand and scissors dangling from her belt.

WHO will be at the picnic?" asked Mrs. Horsley, not quite easily.

"Ourselves, of course," I answered. Then it came to my mind that, though Dollie has been here over two months and Mrs. Horsley has kept house for me more years than I can remember, I have not once sat at meat with either of what I suppose I may call my women-folk. One Christmas Day, long ago, I suggested that Mrs. Horsley should join me at table: but all I got for my pains was the answer that my house-keeper "knew her place."

"It's a pity Dollie has no young friends," Mrs. Horsley added rather coldly. "A sort of children's party would have been very nice."

I must be getting younger. For the second time in five minutes a happy thought sped to my relief and I asked:

"What day are you expected to take Dollie to tea with Lady Hilda?"

"Well . . . come to think of it, it'll be Tuesday, the very same day, I do declare!" cried Mrs. Horsley. "That'll do instead of the picnic, because I'm going to give Dollie a little present and I'm sure, sir, you'll do the same."

"Speak to me about it to-morrow morning," I said.

This afternoon Lady Hilda is to be at the Sillport Cottage Gardeners' and Bee-keepers' Annual Show. I hate modern bee-keeping, but I shall be there.

While I scrawl these lines I can see Dollie's hand appearing, disappearing, reappearing from inside the nasturtium bower, as she cuts and trains

and ties. Only her hand. It is like a white pigeon fussing in and out of a dove-cote.

XIV

THE up-to-date bee-keeping was worse than my fears. A sharp lady in a black-and-yellow hat and a yellow-and-black jumper, which made her look like a big wasp, was explaining the virtues of some patent bee-food on which the wretched bees are to exist in winter, after the honey has been taken away. When I was rash enough to ask what might be the risks, if any, of taking away the bees' natural diet I brought upon myself a retort which was much more like a sting than an answer. Perhaps the honey-trade believes in contrasts.

As I turned away, badly snubbed, the first face which met my eyes was that of Lady Hilda's. She walked across the grass with me, saying as we went:

"Doctor, I'm like yourself as regards honey. I don't doubt that these new methods are great improvements and that the bees ought to be duly grateful. but honey and honey-combs, bees and beehives, of the old-fashioned kinds, used to fascinate me, and these wooden boxes don't.

As a girl, I knew a tiny hole in an ancient wall, where the bees went in and out. I never told the secret; and I was heartbroken one day when the hiding-place was discovered and nearly fifty pounds of honey were taken away. They bought two new hives, made of straw, the shape of bishops' mitres, but the bees wouldn't go into them."

In my turn, I confessed to Lady Hilda that I too had known the lure of bees: that as a child I had considered Saint John the Baptist an enviable person, with his rations of locusts and wild honey: and that it was the fourth of Virgil's Georgics, with its curious bee-lore, which reconciled me to Latin grammar. But I spoke half-mindedly, because Lady

Coins

J. CORSON MILLER

I shall not pass a coin to you,
Inscribed with deeds of clowns or kings;
Nor shall it bear the proud image
Of one who warred on sacred things.

There are no coins in the world's high realm
Whence eyes look out that were wrapped in ruth;
'Tis only in men's red bosom-fires
Mementoes rise of the towers of truth.

And the coin I hold, and the coin that I pass,
Ere words forsake me, and the song be sped,
Shows the face of One whose eyes knew sorrow
And the scorn supreme of a thorn-crowned head.

THE † SIGN

Hilda is nearly always in a hurry and I was afraid she would get away before my plan could be broached. Happily, I was given an opportunity without having to contrive it.

DOLLIE WATTS in her orphanage was like these poor bees," said Lady Hilda. "Science. Method. The latest hygienic theories. But the natural food for a child's heart was not in the hive."

"By the way," I said quickly, "you are expecting Dollie and my housekeeper to tea next Tuesday. I want to ask a great favor. Next Tuesday is Dollie's birthday. With her own hands she has made a bower, quite a roomy place, walled and roofed with climbing plants. Weather permitting, there is some idea of a birthday luncheon or dinner in the bower."

"What do you want me to do?" Lady Hilda asked, in her brisk and business-like way. And when I failed to answer—because I was not quite sure myself how her ladyship was to come in—she demanded bluntly: "You want me to join the party? Who else will be there?"

"It is not a formal meal indoors," I explained. "It's to be more like a picnic. You ask who will be there. Well . . . there'll be Dollie, for one. Myself, I suppose. And yourself, Lady Hilda, I sincerely hope. As for Mrs. Horsley . . . well, you've had Mrs. Horsley more than once to tea. I'm sure you understand. We couldn't leave out Mrs. Horsley. I repeat, it is to be only a picnic."

For a moment or two I was sure I had made a bad social blunder. Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington spends nearly all her time with the humblest and poorest folk in Sillport. It is literally true that she eats with publicans and sinners. All the same, she is a noblewoman, the daughter of a line of earls which goes back to the fourteenth century, a kinswoman of twenty noble families. You can find her sharing stewed tea and thick bread-and-butter in the narrow kitchens of fish-wives and seamstresses, but not once has she been netted by Sillport's new-rich hostesses who would give a hundred pounds to be able to boast: "When Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington was dining with us last week she fell quite in love with our wall-papers." Had I "put my foot in it" by asking this *grande dame* to dine cheek by jowl with Mrs. Horsley?

I think not. When Lady Hilda spoke she was

thoughtful but certainly not offended. With a slowness and hesitation very unlike her usual swift decisiveness she said:

"When next Tuesday is over, there will be next Thursday, and ever so many more days after that, unless the world comes to an end soon. I will come to the picnic. Dinner will suit me better than luncheon. But this wants a little thinking about, for the sake of your future peace and harmony; so, if you don't mind, I would like Mrs. Horsley to run up and see me to-morrow."

I am more than satisfied. With Lady Hilda and Mrs. Horsley in concord, I can dismiss social complications from my mind. And I do feel quite glad that this dinner has been arranged.

XV

THE arrangements are excellent. The birthday feast is to be at seven o'clock. I am to sit at the head of the table, in the nasturtium summer-house, with Lady Hilda on my right and Dollie on my left. Mrs. Horsley will drink Dollie's health with us, at the close of the banquet: but otherwise she insists that her presence will be required, without one moment's break, in the kitchen. The two Cobbett sisters, who help Mrs. Horsley by day, have promised to stay late on Tuesday and help: Lucy Cobbett as kitchen wench and Ada Cobbett, who was once in the service of Sir Thomas Byrd, as parlor maid. As it will be her birthday, Dollie is to have an absolute holiday.

Mrs. Horsley is on her mettle. She is certain that Lady Hilda is expecting only a third-rate dinner. In my dislike of society, I have never let it be known in Sillport that my cook-housekeeper is a genius and an artist where food is concerned. It appears that the cook at the Tower learnt her craft from a French chef; but Mrs. Horsley does not dread comparisons.

While the menu is Mrs. Horsley's affair, the decking of the table belongs to Dollie. We have allowed her to take a thin fine white table-cloth and to dye it green, the same color as the nasturtium leaves. This notion came into the child's head when I consented to her using my plain yellow dinner service which I have never liked. Its color is a fairly close match with the nasturtium flowers. Furthermore, I have succeeded in getting from Ebberly and Johnson's big stores in Dymchester, two dozen

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fairly lamps of yellow glass, more orange-colored or golden than the flowers and thereby all the more delightful in Dollie's eyes.

What am I to give Dorothea for a birthday present? I had thought that it should be something to wear, but Mrs. Horsley declares that nothing more is wanted till the autumn: indeed she tells me that a new dress is ready which I have not yet seen.

The plan which most commends itself to my mind is to give Dollie one of those little bags which seem now-a-days to be as necessary to feminine attire as hats and shoes and stockings. Lady Hilda has one, and so has the little girl who goes past my window every morning on her way to work at Rawnsley's sausage-factory. The bags have tiny mirrors and note-books and purses inside. Dollie shall have a bag: and in the purse there will be ten guineas so that she will not have to ask Mrs. Horsley for sixpence to put in the plate at church or for half-a-crown to spend when the spirit moves her.

Now I must put Dollie's concerns out of my head till Tuesday. Holt-Rossiter, the fashionable London aurist, has attacked my paper on "The Limitations of Surgery in Diseases of the Ear" and he is going to feel sorry for himself before he is many days older.

XVI

IT has just struck midnight: so Dolly's birthday is over.

I ought not to have drunk that second cup of coffee. Here I am by the open window, with a moth dizzying round my shaded lamp, as wide awake as ever I have been in my life. The night is softer than velvet.

I look forward to writing in this book, just as I used to look forward to telling my brother Charlie all I had done at school. To-day's events, as I jot them down, will live again; and they have truly been pleasant enough to be lived twice over.

Lady Hilda surprised me. In all these eighteen years I have never, until to-night, seen her wear anything but black dresses or tailor-made costumes of stout grey or brown cloth. This evening, when she had thrown off her wraps, she appeared in marvellous cloth-of-silver or silver tissue. I don't know the right name for the material. It was thin without being flimsy; opaque yet all alive and shimmering, like the scales of a fish just caught. Her shoes were also silvery, with cut silver or steel buckles.

She wore no jewelry, save a diamond crescent in her wonderful silver hair. Only a Diana, like Lady Hilda, with her magnificent health and her splendid uprightness of carriage could have carried off such dressing without looking showy. In the past she has appeared a trifle too broad-shouldered, but this must have been the fault of the substantial rain-proof stuffs of which her out-of-doors garments are made. To-night the diamond crescent in her hair made her look an inch taller, so that she appeared almost slender.

I REPEAT that her hair is wonderful. Until five hours ago I had never seen Lady Hilda without a hat, so the surprise was all the greater. All Sillport knows that her hair has been silvern almost from her 'teens and therefore I have never regarded her tresses as the hoary locks of age. Nevertheless I had half approved the remark I have so often heard: "What a pity Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington does not dye her hair. She would look twenty years younger."

For the first time, I understand that there can be silvern hair which is as much a trait of beauty as golden hair, or auburn or raven black. I had always thought of the silver as something from which a beautiful hue had fled, like bleached leaves in winter. At last I know that it can be as luxuriant and lustrous and lovely as the golden ringlets of the most favored blonde: indeed, to my taste it is handsomer, just as the silver plate on my sideboard gives me more pleasure than I could ever derive from gold.

In its own way, poor Dollie's dress was no less an achievement than our noble visitor's. I think Mrs. Horsley said the material is called sprigged voile—small yellow flowers scattered over a green ground. Once more, it was the color-scheme of the nasturtium flowers and leaves; and, so that there should be no manner of doubt about it, Dollie had plaited at the last moment a wreath of real yellow nasturtium flowers to crown her brown hair, which hung down as far as her shoulders and was fastened with a yellow bow.

This has been such a scorching, glaring July day that the coolness and dimness of the bower were delightful. Lady Hilda brimmed over with admiration for Dollie's dress and for the child's original and charming decoration of the table. My own contribution to the gala was also praised. In the fur-

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theft corner of the bower I had dug a round hole deep enough to hold a large wooden milking-pail. The rim of the pail lay hidden under a broad circlet of fresh moss, well raised above the ground-level, so that you did not notice at a first glance the necks of two wine-bottles rising out of clear, ice-cold water.

DESPITE her stolid appearance, my admirable Horsley is the most light-handed cook I ever met or heard of. Her menus avoid those violent contrasts of which ordinary chefs are so proud. In planning to-night's dinner she started from the principle that I—the mere man—didn't count. It was to be the birthday feast of a young girl, dignified by the presence of a high-born lady; and Mrs. Horsley chose her dishes accordingly.

The meal began quite simply with chunky wedges from a small but perfect hot-house melon. Then came the soup, lying heavily like liquid ivory in the yellow plates. I espied a little grimace on Lady Hilda's lips as she took up her spoon and said:

"You'll excuse me, Doctor, if I merely taste. I am not a great one at soups."

Our guest knew, as I know to my cost, Sillport's evil and richly deserved reputation for bad cookery. In spite of medical warnings, in spite of practical lectures and demonstrations, the housewives of our little town persist in having recourse to tins and packets and jars and bottles of eatables which are said to be ready cooked and, in some instances, even "pre-digested." If it were not for the Sillport cooks, half the Sillport physicians would have to leave the town. Except the baked meats, practically all the dishes are poor: but our ordinary Sillport soups are abominable.

I filled Lady Hilda's glass with Sauternes and waited serenely: because the aroma mounting to my nostrils reassured me that Mrs. Horsley had once more triumphed with her very own recipe—one old fowl, one young lobster, one floury potato, one newly cut cauliflower, the white parts of some mushrooms, the yolks of two eggs and a jug of cream. The Earl of Mallowdale, Lady Hilda's father, was a famous epicure, but I am sure his man-cook never served a bisque d'homard equal to Mrs. Horsley's "lobster Dubarry." And this was clearly Lady Hilda's opinion. After the first cautious taste she turned to me in amazement.

I was cruel enough to say: "As you are not

great at soups, don't feel bound to eat any more."

"I'm going to eat every drop," she answered. "This is something unheard of. Surely, you have discovered some new vegetable or some new animal? Strange tastes offend me, as a rule, but this is delicious."

Triumph succeeded triumph. After fried soles, brought up only this afternoon from Sillbay, and lamb cutlets served with seven different vegetables, there came a steamed capon, jointed and warmed up in a mahogany-colored Madeira-sauce. I myself prepared the salad at the table, with lettuces which had only been gathered and blanched an hour before dinner began.

BUT man does not live by bread alone. I have always loved the well-worn maxim that a good dinner must include, over and above toothsome dishes and rare wines, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." And I confess that, at first, conversation flagged. When the lobster Dubarry and the Sauternes had been praised, nobody could decide what to say next.

The cat Rory once more came to the rescue. Without the slightest warnin, our green dining-room creaked and trembled as if it was on the point of collapsing about our ears.

"Do look!" cried Dollie.

We glanced up, following her eyes, and saw Rory perched on the stoutest cross-pole of the roof. Most of his body remained invisible, but he had pushed his black head through a cluster of yellow flowers and was gazing intently at the silver dish of soles which Ada Cobbett had just placed on the table. His wide round eyes were as yellow as the flowers.

"I wish——" Dollie burst out. But she stopped abruptly.

"What do you wish, dear?" asked Lady Hilda.

"I wish," said Dollie, first timidly, then desperately, "that I could give him just one little bit of fish up there."

"Well, you may, so long as you don't spoil your pretty dress," Lady Hilda answered.

I was not consulted. Lady Hilda unconsciously spoke as the mistress of the house and as Dollie's only guardian. All I could do was to watch the girl as she carefully separated a dry white tid-bit of sole from its golden-brown casing and held it up to Rory on the tip of a spare fork. Rory is inquisitive but

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not greedy. When he had satisfied his curiosity he did not ask for another morsel but contented himself with extraordinary feats of equilibrium on the narrow pole, where he balanced himself and washed his face at the same time.

THE ice which Rory had broken melted utterly in our first glasses of champagne. Dollie had never tasted champagne before and was visibly disappointed until Lady Hilda, with a complete disregard for gastronomic propriety, took the wine away and substituted a glass of sweet Sauternes, adding just enough champagne to provoke a few festal beads and bubbles.

"Here's to Dollie's health," I said. "May this be only one of very many very happy birthdays."

We drank. And under the spell of our gaiety I was moved to tell the tale of Dollie's birthday with Julius Caesar. I recounted it lightly, as a sunny memory of childhood and not as a chapter in an obscure and tragic history.

"This is quite a romance," said Lady Hilda, catching my mood. "Some day Julius Caesar will turn up. But be careful, Dollie. I hear you are quite an heiress, with ten guineas in your purse. When Julius comes, you must make sure that he is not just after your money."

In her cookery, Mrs. Horsley can be playful without being silly. The sweets, which were to be Dollie's special part of this birthday dinner, displayed a range of imagination and invention which made me proud of my brave housekeeper. The first sweet brought to the table was what looked like a plain apple pie in a large white dish of the cheapest earthenware. It made an almost painful contrast with the cut glass and the fine linen; and worst of all, the pie was stone cold. But when Dollie cut it open, she cried out her surprise and rapture; because, under the thin crust, instead of cooked apples, she found Lady Hilda's present—a work-box, of the kind which lasts a life-time, with a big "D" in gold on the leather lid. She turned to what appeared to be a homely, every-day rice pudding, but there was only half an inch depth of pudding resting on a tray of vegetable parchment, and underneath lay a package containing a little writing-case offered by Mrs. Horsley.

The real sweets came in—a chocolate model of Rory with yellow eyes, a frozen cream abounding in shreds of crystallized cherries, some old-fashioned

strawberry-tarts, not more than three inches in diameter, a junket, half a dozen glasses of wine-jelly and custard, and to crown all a birthday cake.

"Mrs. Horsley says, my lady, will your ladyship please be careful," said Ada Cobbett as she laid a cake-knife on the table. "There's a silver ring in this cake. And a new silver sixpence. And, begging your lady's pardon, a bachelor's button."

Lady Hilda got the ring and Dollie the sixpence: but the button did not come to light, because most of the cake remained uneaten.

"You are getting richer and richer, Dollie," said Lady Hilda. "When Julius Caesar comes . . ."

THUD and a splash—perhaps I ought to say a splash and a thud—cut Lady Hilda short and made us all jump out of our seats, just in time to see something black and shiny go crashing through the green-and-yellow wall of our wigwam. It was the cat Rory. Not discerning my little cistern, he had jumped from the roof-poles to what he thought was solid earth and had sounded the depths of the cold water. He had clambered out instantly and had taken one terrified flying leap into the outer world.

"He's hurt, I'm sure he's hurt," wailed poor Dollie. "Oh, please, let me go."

She vanished like a flash. A few moments later, by peering through the greenery, we saw her kneeling over the uninjured but grossly outraged Rory, who stood lashing a wet and rat-like tail while Dollie wiped him with her best handkerchief. At last she lifted him tenderly and ran with him to the house.

When Lady Hilda and I were settled again at the table I seized the opportunity of thanking her warmly for gracing the feast. Then, foolishly untaught by past failures, I fished for a compliment and asked whether my guest was disappointed in what we had made of Dollie Watts. She replied instantly:

"You are all improved—especially yourself, Doctor. As for Dollie, I am bound to praise you for not making a 'case' of her. You have had the good sense to let the child's own self regain its natural shape after years of repression. To-night I have watched her—the way she holds her knife and fork, her instinctive control of the elbows, her pretty shyness so unlike a red-faced, tongue-tied booby's, her patrician neck and wrists. At last we know for

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certain where we are. Dollie cannot be sent into domestic service. She will have to be trained for a profession. I suggest the secretarial.

"With great respect, Lady Hilda," I said, "there is a better plan. The secretarial profession is an honorable one: but I know one still more honorable. To be blunt, I think what will suit Dollie Watts best, when she is old enough, will be . . . to be married."

"To Julius Caesar!" she answered gaily.

"To somebody not poor, not too rich, not idle. To somebody of about her own age and of her own refinement. Somehow, I don't easily picture Dollie at an office-desk, or in the seat of a schoolmistress. On the other hand, I don't like the idea of her as a pampered, purely ornamental woman of society. I imagine her as the proud and happy mistress of a little house, tending her own garden, busy sometimes in her own kitchen."

"Please go on," said Lady Hilda. "It is delicious to hear an old bachelor singing the praises of marriage. All the same, as an old maid, I admit that your words about Dollie ring true. Her temperament is not like yours . . . and mine. She is meant to be a sweetheart, a wife, a mother."

Steps on the gravel path warned us to stop talking. Dollie appeared and asked modestly if she might light the lamps. At least twenty fairy lamps had been fixed here and there in the walls and roof of the bower. Miss Watts kindled them one by one, while the summer dusk deepened as softly as drifting snow.

It is two o'clock. All of a sudden I am so sleepy that I can't

(To be continued)

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book, the foreign translation is set up in parallel column form with the English equivalent. The English version has been introduced in the majority of the Catholic elementary schools, where, with religion as the corner-stone, the best training for ideal American citizenship is being daily administered to nearly 2,000,000 pupils.

Wide differences in citizenship status appear among the natives of the various foreign countries, the proportions naturalized among those twenty-one years of age and over ranging from 74.4 per cent for the Welsh to 5.5 per cent for the Mexicans. For the five countries which contributed the largest numbers of immigrants, the percentages naturalized were as follows: Natives of Germany, 73.6; of Ireland, 66.1; of Russia, 42.1; of Italy, 29.8; and of Poland, 28.9. The natives of these five countries formed more than half of the total foreign-born white population of the United States in 1920. Limiting the comparison to persons twenty-one years of age and over, the natives of Germany numbered 1,648,884;

of Italy, 1,408,933; of Russia, 1,211,337; of Poland, 1,048,050; and of Ireland, 1,021,677. Of the total white population twenty-one years of age and over, 22.7 per cent were immigrants and 11.3 per cent were naturalized immigrants. Thus, in the white population of voting age there were 146 naturalized immigrants to every 1000 natives.

From the foregoing brief, and, because of space restrictions, inadequate treatment of the immigration problem and its related Americanization problem, it can be seen that the Catholic effort required for successful results in these two fields will test the resources and abilities of the whole Catholic body of the United States. The vital importance of the work calls for the active interest, the whole-hearted support and the organized intelligence of our Catholic people. The problem is so common to us all that it can only be solved effectively and satisfactorily as a result of united effort. Upon its proper solution depends to a large extent the welfare of the Catholic Church in America, as well as the security and peace of America herself.

"It's Wrong, But It's Progress"

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

IT was a ticket collector at an elevated railway station in New York who was talking and he showed himself either a philosopher or an ironical humorist. If he said what he believed and if a philosopher is to reflect the beliefs and practices of his own generation, he was a philosopher. If he didn't believe what he said we have lost a highly talented humorist.

It had started mildly enough. The ticket collector had merely been asked if he would lose his job when automatic gates were installed for the collection of fares. It was then that he rose to the occasion and struck off the keynote of our age. "Yeah," he said, "I'll lose my job. But what do I care? It's progress. I don't care if thousands of us lose our jobs. It's progress. It's like this here Dr. Grant. What he says is wrong, but it's progress."

"It's wrong, but it's progress." The ticket collector said what we are usually too cowardly or self-deceived to say. He held tight to something he called progress, and he was willing to accept it blindly. At the same time he had common sense enough to see and admit that this deified progress had feet of clay. While he believed in the eventual rightness of a process he called progress, he knew that many of the intervening steps were wrong. He didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way, and he was sure that at the end of the road lay happiness, even though here and now we committed and suffered horrible wrongs to be able to march the road. In the name of some hoped-for and unknown good that will somehow come out of a million wrongs he was content to submit to the wrongs. He even embraced them. By some twisted and warped logic the million wrongs become truly worthy and just, right and salutary.

The ticket collector is a little out of date, for we have begun to question the whole idea of progress. There is no longer the blind adherence to progress that there was before the war. Then were the perfect days when the only thing necessary to sanctify the theft, murder and supreme arrogance and selfishness which accompanied the workings of our industrial and social system was to call their results progress. If we sometimes feared the results were wrong we merely whispered our words or crushed the

thought and went jovially onwards singing a paean to progress.

The war, however, made it rather hard for us to sing of progress. A different sort of orchestra played a different sort of tune and when to the accompaniment of war we tried to sing a hymn to progress we sounded ridiculous. If we still held to the inevitability of progress we had to say with the ticket collector that at least there was something wrong somewhere. When the war finally penetrated our minds we lost our bland confidence. Nor have we yet regained it. Some who formerly adored progress now go beyond the ticket collector and flatly say that while we are making progress in a few things we are on the verge of a plunge into the abyss.

THIS may not be a pleasant frame of mind, but it is far more wholesome than to remain complacent and self-satisfied. For certainly it is time that we give up resting our hopes upon a blind evolution of something good out of something bad. The point is that we have made the mistake of thinking that if we increased our knowledge and our ability to harness the forces of nature, it made little difference to what purposes they were used. For example, the airplane is considered a sign of progress. We needed the picture of a fleet of airplanes flying like so many vultures over the western front or swooping down upon some populous city before we realized that until we used airplanes for a good purpose we were not making progress.

The discovery of certain chemicals was considered a sign of progress. But when we learned that these chemicals were used to blow human beings to fragments or torture their lungs and send them to a slow death, we began to suspect that the way we used these chemicals decided whether we could say we were making progress. In other words, we are beginning to think that progress doesn't depend on what knowledge or strength we have or what inventions and discoveries lie at our disposal, but upon how we use our knowledge and strength and wealth.

It goes without saying that we have tapped the forces of external nature as no generation of men

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ever tapped them. We have steam and electricity. We have coal and water power. We have the internal combustion engine. We know not a little bit, but a great bit, more about the riches of external nature than any of our ancestry back to the time of Adam. It is certain that we haven't reached the pinnacle of such knowledge, but it is certain, too, that we have ascended farther up the mountain than any other generation.

More of the resources of nature are at our command than ever before. But we haven't got good will enough to use what we know for the greater honor and glory of God and the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the human race. We stand confusedly gaping about ourselves, shaking our heads from side to side, when we see the terrible loss of life and happiness that is a part of our way of running things. Then we whisper like idiots, "It's wrong, but it's progress."

WE do not show enough good will, enough common sense, to turn the wealth of our generation to right purposes. We are not moulding our social and economic system into a framework that will satisfy men's needs and men's desire for happiness here and in the life beyond. We are not using the things we call progress for the only ends that will justify us in claiming progress.

"The moral value of man and the dignity of human labor are cardinal points in this whole question." These words in the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy refer directly to the labor problem, but they apply also to progress, of which the labor problem is a part. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." These words refer directly to religion, but they apply also to progress, which is in its deeper meaning one of religion's effects. Men must not lose their souls to the machine. The moral value of man and the dignity of human labor must not be twisted and rent by machinery.

Progress has many sides, but one of its most important is the progress of men at their work in the development of their faculties and in the subordination of work to the general aims of life. We have a labor problem because we have spent our time in multiplying means to create wealth without much consideration how these means of creating wealth or how the wealth which has been created affected the dignity of man. We shall not make progress until we subject our inventions and dis-

coveries and our industrial organization to the moral value of man and the dignity of human labor.

It is no light task and the greatest obstacle is the ticket collector and his ilk. Contentment with present wrongs and their encouragement, and even the commission of wrong in the hope that through a fortuitous concourse of atoms of evil there will blindly evolve something beautiful and good and true is all right if we want a catastrophe. It is all right if we want a revolution. But it is good for nothing else.

THE labor problem will not solve itself. Progress will not come by itself. We will not solve the labor problem nor make progress unless we seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice. We will have to be immersed in "divine discontent" with all brummagem progress that means compromise with wrong. We will have to look around ourselves and remake our industrial system until it is used for the welfare of all.

Work must be made available to all. In return for work every man must get at least a family living wage and every woman at least enough to support herself in decent comfort. The working people must not be stopped from forming and joining labor unions. The working people should share in the management of the concerns in which they work according to the extent of their ability and interests. They should share in the returns of modern industry. They should come to share also in the ownership of the things with which they work, or where ownership is impossible in as close an approach to ownership as can be secured. The consumers should organize and own and control in cooperative bodies as much of the distributive system as they can administer. Farmers should own their own farms and control cooperatively their own credit and the sale of their products. Government—national, state and city, should help to attain this.

If this is accomplished the groundwork will be laid for loftier progress in the arts and sciences, in morals and religion. If it is not accomplished, if the labor problem is not solved, if we do not subject wealth to human worth, then all our talk of progress will be ashes in our mouth. Once upon a time men talked of Dead Sea apples which were beautiful without and dust and ashes within. We will find out, and we are already learning, that the progress we boast of is an apple that is dust and ashes and far from appetizing.

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of Saint Paul of the Cross

Gabriel Francis Powers

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CHAPTER III

(Continued)

THE CALL OF GOD

PAUL'S own words are our best source of information regarding this important step of writing the Rule. "Now to continue the telling of the wonderful ways of God, after these visions of the habit with the most holy Sign upon it, Our Lord gave me greater desires, and a stronger impulse to assemble companions, and with the permission of Holy Church to found a Congregation under the title of the Poor of Jesus: and, after that, my God caused the form of the rules to be observed by the poor of Jesus, and by me their least and most unworthy servant, to be infused into my spirit, which rule, with the grace of the Holy Ghost, I will write in the name of holy obedience. Be it known that the intention which God gives me regarding this Congregation consists of nothing else, in the first place, than entire obedience to the law of our dear God by the perfect observance of the holy Evangelical counsels and in particular the total detachment from all created things, exercising ourselves perfectly in holy poverty which is so necessary for the observance of the other counsels and to maintain the fervor of holy prayer; to be zealous for His holy honor, to promote in souls the holy fear of God, to do away with sin, and, in a word, to be indefatigable in the holy labors of charity, in order that our dear God may be loved, feared, served and praised by all men throughout all time. Sit nomen Jesu benedictum."

The code of the Rules inculcates from beginning to end, a special devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ and to the Sorrows of His blessed Mother as the inspiring principle, the fundamental idea, the pivot upon which the whole life of the religious is to revolve. This devotion was in fact the *raison d'être* of the Rule, and accompanied the growth of the Congregation, culminating in that later special vow by which the member binds himself to promote in a particular manner the remembrance and the veneration of the sufferings of our Redeemer. The manner of life traced out, and which Paul saw then as an organic body of rules, superior to his own life, and complete in its system

of legislation, he said was God's and that God had given it to him—as in truth He had. Bishop Gattinara and other theologians named by him to examine it recognized in its supernal light and unction the divine characteristics of a character dictated and sealed by the Almighty. The manner of life recommended, in fact commanded, by the Rule was, in its elements, simply the order of life, the austere yet familiar daily and nightly round of duties which Paul and his brother, John Baptist, had made theirs years ago, and had persevered in, almost, one would say, by miracle; the same formula, narrowed to still greater rigor, which Paul embraced when he was between nineteen and twenty.

MANY have wondered that a young man of twenty-six, who had spent most of his days in small provincial centres, whose reading was not extensive at that period, and who had no knowledge of any other legislative body of Rules, should have been able to produce a document so complete, so wise, so prudently moderate in spite of its severity, and so masterly in its substance. But there is no doubt that he who in the opening lines styles himself the "most poor and great sinner, Paul Francis," was divinely enlightened and directed, and that he wrote this Rule under the luminous impulsion of the Holy Ghost.

He himself bears witness to this truth at the end of the manuscript. "I, a most poor and great sinner, Paul Francis, most unworthy servant of the poor of Jesus, wrote this holy Rule in retirement at the parish church of S. Carlo, Castellazzo, that retreat having been assigned me by the most Illustrious and most Rev. Monsignor Gattinara, Bishop of Alexandria, in the first days of my clothing, and I began to write this holy Rule in the year 1720, on the 2d of December, and I finished it on the 7th of the same month. Before writing I recited Matins, and then I made mental prayer, and then I started out full of courage and went to my writing. The infernal enemy did not fail to attack me by giving me repug-

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nance and also difficulty in doing this, but as it was a good while that God had been inspiring me, and further I was commanded to do it, I set to work with the grace of God, neither more nor less, and you must know that whilst I was writing, I wrote as fast as if someone had been in cathedra dictating to me; I felt the words coming from my heart. I have written this that it may be known that all this is a special inspiration of God, for I have nothing of my own in it but sinfulness and ignorance. In all things, however, I submit to the examination of my Superiors. May the most holy Sacrament be praised and honored upon all the altars throughout the world. Paul Francis, most unworthy servant of the poor of Jesus."

THE saint spent forty days in prayer and penance, and seems to have kept a sort of diary by which he was to account to his spiritual director for all the lights and inspirations he received from during this time. His retreat over, in the first days of the new year, he again directed his steps to Alessandria. Monsignor Gattinara, when he heard him, was more than ever convinced that God desired the foundation of this little congregation, each member of which was to "bear with him ever a continual and sorrowful remembrance of the Passion and Death of Jesus," and to "en-

deavor to inculcate upon whomsoever he could, the pious meditation of the torments of our most sweet Jesus." Monsignor Gattinara had a foresight of what fruit for souls such a band of penitential men would reap. And only his prudence held him back, when his generous heart would have flown out to embrace and sustain Paul's enterprise. He expressed to him the wish that, before they went any further, the young man should go to Genoa and consult an ecclesiastic noted for his piety and doctrine.

The season was at its coldest, and to reach Genoa, it was necessary to traverse the mountain

range that separates the upland from the sea. Monsignor Gattinara, accustomed to pastoral visitations by coach or on horseback, with attendance and supplies, probably had not the smallest appreciation of what he had imposed upon one who was absolutely penniless, and whose Rule, assumed but yesterday, compelled him to face the terrors of wintry altitudes before which hardened mountain climbers quail, in his bare feet and without so much as a cloak to cover him. If Paul had any misgivings, we do not know. The Bishop had told him to go and he went forthwith. He went with haste, as the Divine

Spirit impels the faithful and docile to His sacred breathings, and eager to accomplish the thing he had been bidden to do. He traveled by night as well as by day, never pausing until he reached his destination.

THE sufferings and horror of those nights and days, it would take a volume to recount. The mountain was in complete solitude, hardly a muleteer daring to cross those dangerous heights in January. The cold was beyond words, stinging, penetrating, numbing, agonizing. The bare feet were soon bloody with the rocks and ruggedness of the way. As he ascended, the snow-belt began, and he found himself in a white world that became one dreary immensity, where it

was difficult to follow a path, and to one unfamiliar with the road a dread sense of being lost, beyond all possible succor of humankind. Above him, on the stark ledges, he could see the hungry wolves, gaunt and savage, running hither and thither in search of food. For sole help and protection, he had the Crucifix which he wore around his neck. It is a miracle that he ever survived the journey to Genoa. The night of the feast of the Epiphany, a date that Paul Daneo never forgot, he attained the highest point of the pass, in complete exhaustion, almost unconscious from weakness and want of food,



WHERE ST. PAUL WROTE THE RULE

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and on the verge of succumbing to the rigor of the freezing temperature. He was still attempting to advance. Fortunately for him, at that juncture, he met some guards or rangers, poor men obliged to patrol those awe-inspiring summits, and the saint, at the end of his struggle, knelt down and begged for a little bread. The *sbirri* were deeply touched at his humility, and at the pitiable condition in which they beheld him. They raised him up and with rude cordiality set before him their own coarse provisions, and strove to warm him, and with rough kindness to comfort and reanimate him. He never forgot the assistance he received that night; and always, in after years, during his Missions, he showed a special tenderness and geniality toward all men of the same class, guards, policemen, rangers and patrolmen, for he said that in the hour of his extremest need, such men had helped him with heart and hand.

THE mountain had been unconsciously cruel to the saint; when he left it behind him, he found other trials, the gibes and laughter of the consciously cruel awaiting him. His habit was what attracted most attention, and the ready, shameless wit of the populace found a mark in it. "Well, did you ever? What has he got on—is it a sack?" . . . And others, less charitable: "That fellow is under some penance, sure. I warrant he's done some pretty things in his life to deserve such a show-up as this." In the streets of Genoa the people stared after him, and he received from the lips of two religious the Scriptural words used as a jeer: "*Quare fremuerant gentes et populi meditati sunt inania?*" . . . But great as was their contempt, his humility was greater still. "These mockeries and derisions," he said later on, "did me much good

in my soul." So he fulfilled Bishop's order to go to Genoa and consult the learned churchman. The name of the latter is unknown, but it is evident that he approved of the matters submitted to him, for on Paul's return to Alessandria, the Bishop desired him temporarily to resume his habitation at S. Carlo, and to open classes of Christian Doctrine for children in the church, pending other arrangements. The young man, with his usual promptness of obedience, proposed the matter immediately to the parish priest, but was put off with the answer that it would not do to begin this work during the Carnival. Paul sub-

mitted, but his divine Master strongly rebuked him inwardly for abandoning the task, and again Paul approached the pastor and persuaded him to allow him to begin. It was needful for him to overcome his own interior repugnance to go out into the streets of the town and summon the people to the Catechism; but many came, adults as well as children, and the young teacher wrought positive conversions among those who had come to hear him.

THE bishop, learning of the extraordinary effects of these simple instructions, commanded the

new missionary to ascend the pulpit and to speak to the congregation at large. And this, too, Paul did at once, teaching the people the everlasting truths of religion, with great clearness, simplicity and unction. He lifted up before them the image of Christ Crucified, engaging their eyes and their thoughts upon the bitter pains He endured for our salvation, instructing them in plain, easy ways of meditating upon the Passion, so that none felt it would be beyond their capacity. And it was a matter of great edification and compunction to the good people of Castellazzo to see



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF S. CARLO
(Note entrance to underground cell)

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this young man living the life of a hermit, in continual prayer and austere penance, so that they were moved with confidence toward him and came to speak with him of their spiritual affairs. Many he persuaded to lives of great piety and holiness. Monsignor Gattinara had made no mistake when he ordered a lowly penitent, not even in Minor Orders, to ascend the pulpit of one of the parish churches of his diocese.

DURING the last days of the Carnival, the saint decided to make a Triduum of Reparation, which was attended by a large share of the population. The spirit of prayer and atonement was found to have taken such hold of the town that balls and masquerades were omitted, and the people flocked to the churches to pray. And the morality of the whole town responded to a renewal of decency and humility in the costume of the women.

During this time, it was usual for the saint to walk through the streets of the town carrying a Cross and surrounded by boys singing pious hymns and canticles, and he thus gathered together a sufficient number of hearers who would follow him to the church and listen with attention and spiritual profit to whatever he was inspired to say to them. His own deep desire, however, was always for retirement and seclusion, and he finally petitioned the Bishop to appoint him some place of residence more solitary than S. Carlo. Monsignor Gattinara then removed him to a small church, at a short distance from the town, and dedicated to S. Stephen. Apparently the humble dwelling attached to the sanctuary had been occupied by hermits, as the name still remains of the "Romitorio di S. Stefano."

As you approach the spot now from the country road, you enter a large enclosed yard, or unpaved court, with a well in the midst of it, and, at the sides, straggling vines upon pergola supports. The room once occupied by the saint is beside the sacristy. It opens upon a small exterior landing, reached by a short flight of steps on each side, and there is a tradition that it was from this impromptu open-air pulpit that the young missionary used to address his hearers, gathered in the court. The cell, for all furniture, had a Crucifix hanging upon the wall, a

discipline suspended from a nail, a straw mattress, and one tattered blanket. On the other side of the wall, the hermit placed a basket, his mute request for alms; and he lived solely on the bread that was placed in it for charity, always giving away the best to the poor, and keeping the broken pieces for himself. The church is closed and unofficiated now as it was in 1721, a solemn Mass being celebrated there only on the feast of S. Stephen, when a fair of extremely ancient origin is held all about it. Paul used to pray much in the deserted sanctuary; and the underground cave beyond the crypt is pointed out as the place of his penances and of his terrible scourgings to the blood.

IT was here John Baptist, lonely beyond words for the brother he loved so much, deeply stirred by the life he saw him leading, and eager to share it with him, came and implored Paul to take him in with him and to let him be a hermit too. He was still in secular garb, and did not assume the habit until the following November, but together they observed the Rule, and all Paul's privations were equally his. Their father happened to meet them one day, and, on inquiry, found that, though the hour was advanced, neither one of them had as yet partaken of any food. He ordered some soup and a dish from the table at home to be taken to the hermitage at once, and, in spite of their protestations, commanded them to eat of both.

One of the memories connected with S. Stefano is the poor countrywoman who, meeting the saint upon the road, wet and covered with mud, felt pity for him, as once long ago Veronica upon another Wayfarer. She proffered him a towel she was carrying, begging him to wipe and dry his feet. Paul was too gentle to refuse. He did as she desired and meekly and gratefully, yet not without shame, returned the soiled and crumpled cloth. The good woman, fully satisfied, rolled it up and pursued her way, intending to wash it out when she came to the river Bormida. But when, at the water's edge, she shook out the linen before dipping it, she saw to her amazement that it was as white and clean as if it had never been used. Only a tiny spot in one corner remained, as it were to bear witness to the miracle of God.

Mary My Mother

GRACE CHRISTMAS

"Oh, my Mother! Oh, my Mother! I see as it were, threads of gold running ever through the web of my past life. They are the threads of thy love. Thou who hast been my providence."—Faber.

MOTHER MARY. Do we at all realize what this means? To say that Mary is the Mother of men is not a form of words, a merely pious phrase with which to lighten the pages of a lengthy book of devotion. It is an actual fact, and the more we allow it to sink into our hearts, the greater will be our spiritual and temporal advantage. There are people, quite piously disposed people, who say the rosary every day, who would think it a trifle irrelevant to ask Our Lady to grant them a temporal favor, and yet, is it not a mother's privilege to enter into all the joys and sorrows of her children? It was, if I may say so—the human, rather than the spiritual, side of her spotless nature which was emphasized and insisted upon in the gloom of Calvary. "Woman, behold thy Son. Son, behold thy Mother."

It was not as Queen of Heaven or by any other of her majestic sounding titles that He commended her to the beloved Disciple, and through him to us, but simply as His Mother and ours.

For it is the human mother who is now enthroned in glory that a great many of us are too prone to forget. We say the Hail Mary at our morning and night prayers, and perhaps five decades of the rosary, and there our devotion ends. But that is not enough. True devotion to Mary implies intimacy with her. This implies her entrance into the smallest details of our daily lives. The greater our devotion the greater should be our intimacy. It should be part of our very being so that we turn instinctively towards her at every hour of the day. And with all this there need not be the slightest tendency towards the over-pious in our conversation. Love is not something

that requires to be talked about and insisted upon, but it is there all the time and influences us subconsciously in a variety of ways.

I KNOW a pious little woman who was quite shocked when she was advised to ask Our Lady to wake her up in the morning, and I know another who appeals to her in all confidence when she wants either a fine day or a new servant.

I would remind the people who imagine that our Mother Mary is only interested in our spiritual welfare that our Lord's first miracle, worked at the instigation of His Mother, supplied a temporal need. Her womanly heart was touched with compassion at her host's predicament, so she mentioned the deficiency to her Son, and although His "hour was not yet come," He wrought His first miracle in order to please her.

And this is one of the many points upon which we Catholics score so tremendously over those who belong to drearier faiths. We have a Mother in heaven always interceding for us, sharing in our innocent pleasures and sympathizing with us in our griefs and disappointments.

When our poor separated brethren are anxious, say, for the success of some cherished undertaking or for the welfare of someone dear to them, instead of saying "please, Mother, let me win through, or "please, dear Mother, don't let any harm happen to him or her," they are obliged to content themselves with wishing for the attainment of their heart's desire. And if they want to bespeak a fine day, they trust to luck. Whereas in all these cases and a great many more, we can frame a childlike prayer to Mary



OUR SORROWFUL MOTHER

THE † SIGN

and the thing is done. Elaborately worded petitions, prayer book phrases are not required and are indeed very much out of place when we speak to our Mother. If we are her children let us pray to her like children with the simplicity of the nursery on our lips and in our hearts. She is the Mother of Him who pays attention to the sparrows, and so long as we do not ask her anything which would be harmful to our souls, she will invariably listen to our requests. Why is it that Our Lady performs so many miracles in Italy? Because there she is appealed to with simplicity and faith.

And so, in addition to begging Her to help us to overcome our temptations and to avoid sin, let us ask Her also for the *little* things of life, and—as we are always wanting them—prayer will thus become a habit with us and we shall grow more spiritual through our constant petitions for temporal requests.

Let those who are a little apt to regard Our Lady as a kind of glorified goddess, inaccessible to any but the most exalted prayers, and indifferent to the trivial wants of poor humanity, meditate upon her in the humble house at Nazareth, and picture her tucking up her Divine Infant at night, and murmuring sweet mother words to Him, His dimpled arms around her neck. Let them think of her pre-

paring St. Joseph's dinner and occupying herself with various household cares, and then perhaps the next time they are enduring domestic worries they will summon up sufficient courage to approach her on the subject.

"Our Lady is the best Registry Office I know," was once said to me by a friend, and it was said not with the tiniest grain of irreverence but out of a superabundant and childlike faith. And indeed Mary is so much a part of this woman's life that when she performs sacristy duties and dusts out a little chapel she does it as perfectly as possible with the feeling that otherwise, Our Lady on looking around, might take her to task for negligence in the service of Her Son.

Let us remember always that though Mary is the Queen of Heaven and Sovereign Mistress of the Saints, she is not divine and that her woman's heart still beats in sympathy for the sorrows of earth.

And so—when the sunshine of our lives is overshadowed, when the path we have to tread is rough and stony and "winds uphill all the way"—when our illusions vanish and our ideals are shattered, let us not forget that the human heart of our Mother Mary is filled with compassion for her children, and that she is waiting to help us when we ask her.

(Continued from page 405)

"I said I had a very clear remembrance of him.

"Well," said the officer, "he 'passed out' on August the 8th. The Germans got him with shrapnel at Hangard Wood."

"I felt a distinct shock and it was a little while before I could speak. For, although I was continually hearing of death and seeing death all around me, I had prepared myself to hear of another miracle of the soldier's Crucifix.

"The Crucifix did not save him then?" I said, trying to smile, though I could not.

"A serious expression came into the officer's eyes as he regarded me. 'It saved him five times, Padre, and no doubt it would have saved him the sixth had he had it with him when we went over on August 8th, but he had been on leave in England towards the end of July. He had carried the Crucifix with him during the first three or four days,

then one evening on leaving a taxi he found after he had mingled in the crowd that his Crucifix was missing.

"He told me that he spent the rest of his leave looking for the Crucifix, but his search was fruitless.

"The night before we assembled for the big battle of Amiens he met me in Boves and he felt he was not coming out of the show alive. 'I wish I had not lost the Crucifix,' he said with great regret. He was killed early in the morning."

THE priest ceased speaking and looked quietly out to sea. Somehow I felt a little disappointed with the ending of the story. In a little while I mentioned this to good Father O'Dea.

"Yes," said the priest, "it does seem disappointing, yet, after all, I have no doubt but that this was the means God took of drawing this soul to himself, and this is why we were created, to be with God."

The What-Not

The What-Not is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Con-

munications should be made as brief as possible, and should always be signed with the writer's name. No anonymous communications will be considered. Address THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

QUESTION AND ANSWERS

1. Why do not Catholics receive Communion in the manner prescribed by Christ at the Last Supper, when He blessed and gave to His Apostles both forms of bread and wine?

2. Why are not Catholics baptized by immersion, as Christ was? Avon, N. J.

1. For the sacrifice of the Mass, the priest's communion under both species is necessary to show forth the separation of Christ's Body and Blood on Calvary. Thus the Apostles at the Last Supper were ordered by our Blessed Lord to communicate under both kinds, because this was the first Mass and they were the first priests. But for the simple reception of Christ in Holy Communion, for the receiving of the Sacrament of His Body and Blood, and not for the showing forth of the sacrifice of that Body and Blood, communion under one form is sufficient, because Christ is whole and entire under the appearances of both the bread and the wine. His Body can no more be separated physically from His Blood—"Christ can die no more."

Our Lord indeed told the people to eat His Flesh and His Blood, but both, now inseparable, are under each species, and thus He Himself says that He is the Living BREAD, and that whoever eats that BREAD shall live forever (John 6:52). So, too, St. Paul writes, "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body AND blood of the Lord" (I Cor. 11:27).

Of course, the ancient custom of the Church was to receive ordinarily under both forms, but even in Apostolic times, it is beyond dispute that Communion was often received under one kind, especially by the Martyrs, who frequently carried the consecrated bread into prison with them. And even as regards Holy Mass, on Good Friday, in the Mass of the Presanctified, which alone is celebrated on that day, it has been the custom of the Church from the beginning to have the priest himself receive only the bread, which has been consecrated the day before.

In the fifth century Pope Gelasius did order all the faithful to communicate under both species, but this was because of the Manichean heresy, which taught that the partaking of the sacred cup was evil. And as the heresy waned, the practice of receiving only the consecrated bread became more and more common, because of reverence for the Blessed Sacrament itself and out of regard for the communicants. Some of the causes for this change enumerated by St. Thomas are—The danger of spilling the Precious

Blood, especially in giving It to congregations of thousands of all kinds of people, to children as well as to the aged and infirm; the labor of procuring enough good wine, especially in Northern countries; the difficulty in keeping the wine from souring; the repugnance felt by many people to drinking from the same cup used by thousands of others, together with the reasonable fear of thus contracting some disease; to confute heretics who teach the necessity of communicating under both kinds, which, if true, would prove that the Church has erred from the beginning, and that Christ has not been with her to preserve her from error, as He promised.

2. In instituting the essential parts of the Sacraments, Christ left to His Church the power to adapt some of the external ceremonies to suit the changes in her growth and the increasing numbers of her children in all parts of the world. Thus the Church always has exercised the right to modify these sacramental rites without changing at all the essential character of the Sacrament. So in Baptism, the baptizing with water "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," has always been regarded as essential to the valid conferring of the Sacrament; whereas the ceremony or rite of immersion has never been considered as necessary, although it was the ordinary rite used in Apostolic times. I say ordinary, because it was not by any means the only ceremony recognized by the early Church. Baptism by infusion, as now commonly practised, was frequently given to prisoners, the sick, travelers, etc., and regarded as altogether valid. Martene, in his "Ancient Rites of the Church," enumerated many examples to prove this fact. And if the Church could have erred in so important a matter from the beginning, once more we would have to deny to her the Spirit of Truth promised to her by our Blessed Lord. As the Church expanded, reasons of modesty and convenience finally led to the adoption by the Western Church generally of the rite of infusion, although baptism by immersion or aspersion is also held as valid if the essentials are performed.

God decreed that we should observe the Sabbath day on the seventh day of the week. Why do we celebrate our Sabbath on the first day of the week? Providence, R. I.

Christ did not come to destroy the Old Law, but to perfect it. That law was never regarded as perfect in itself. Even in the Old Testament there is a constant looking forward to the coming of the Messiah,

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Who is to bring the Jewish law to its fulfilment and perfection. The change of the Sabbath day (not the doing away with it, mind) from the seventh to the first day of the week was inspired by our Lord to show that the New Law had actually come. The first day of the week became the New Sabbath, because on this day Christ rose from the dead, and on this day He sent the Holy Spirit upon His Church. Sunday is the birthday of the Risen Christ, and of His Bride, the Church. It is the completion of the new and better spiritual creation.

Even in the days of the Apostles, Sunday began to take the place of the Jewish Sabbath as the day set apart for public solemn worship of God. It was called the Lord's day for the reasons mentioned above. This common public worship soon began to make rest obligatory on the people, and at last, when the Christians were first recognized by the Roman Empire in the person of the Emperor Constantine, he made the Sunday a civil holiday in 312. In observing this New Sabbath instead of the old one, the whole Christian world bears witness to the authority of the teaching Church as superior to that of the Book it teaches, and thinking Protestants must realize that here is a very important matter of religious duty, in which they are obeying the Catholic Church rather than the Bible. And if in one such teaching, the Church is above her own book, how not in all?

1. Would you kindly explain briefly, through the What-Not page, all about the Crucifix of Limpias?

2. Is it right to pray for the death of a relative who, despite all kind efforts to convert him, persists in doing all that he can to trouble our family because of our religion? Whittier, California.

1. The very first issue of THE SIGN in August, 1921, contained an account of a trip to Limpias made by two of our own Fathers expressly to see the miraculous crucifix. The "What Not" of last February also included a notice of Baron Von Kleist's book, "The Wonderful Crucifix of Limpias," which has already been translated into many languages and may be had from this office for \$1.10 postpaid.

The miraculous crucifix of which we speak surmounts the high altar in the parish church of Limpias, a small village in northern Spain. It is an ancient carving of much artistic beauty, representing our Lord in His death agony on the Cross. Since March 30, 1919, extraordinary manifestations of life on the part of the crucifix figure have occurred almost daily. That these signs are not the result of imagination or delusion has been established on the unimpeachable testimony of thousands of conscientious witnesses. The tear-dimmed eyes slowly open and close, the thorn-crowned head moves to and fro, a cold sweat bedews the body, the agonizing facial expression is so pitifully appealing that it has brought about innumerable conversions of the most hardened sinners. More than 500,000 persons have visited the little town during the last four years just to witness the won-

derful crucifix, and besides the many noteworthy conversions recorded, over one thousand miraculous cures have been effected. But the most important result of these manifestations has been a great blossoming of devotion to Jesus Crucified, particularly in Spain and the surrounding countries.

2. No doubt you do not intend to pray that your relative should die unconverted. As we cannot lawfully do evil to obtain some good, so neither are we permitted to desire an evil to attain a good. By evil, however, is here meant spiritual evil, and as mere temporal physical evils such as sickness and death are not evil in themselves, often indeed being blessings in disguise, we can lawfully desire these temporal misfortunes for somebody, provided we do not desire them out of hatred for the person but on account of some good end which will at least counterbalance the physical evil.

Thus, if the trouble caused in this case is grave, you could wish even the death of your relative, not, however, a bad death spiritually, as we have remarked. But you would have to take good care that you were not moved by hatred of him, but simply in consideration of the benefits to be attained. Of course the best prayer would be that of continued appeal to God for this person's conversion. God especially loves to have us pray for our enemies. But if, after all your efforts, there seemed to be no diminution of the trouble, would it not be better, instead of asking directly for the death of the trouble-maker, to pray God to end the evil in the way that appears best to Himself?

I would appreciate your kindness if you would please print some important prayers to be said before and after Communion. Phila.

The worth of the prayers said before and after Holy Communion will depend in great part upon the devotion with which they are said. The proper preparation for the Communicant should be the arousing in self of a realization of the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist. Without this sense of His Real Presence in our souls after receiving Holy Communion it is almost impossible to pray as we ought. With it we should not find it difficult to keep ourselves for at least a few minutes in simple, loving and humble adoration of our Divine Guest. Such sentiments will make it easy for us to thank Him for all He has done for us and all that He has suffered for our sins. There is no better time in which to ask our Lord for the graces and favors we need than immediately after Holy Communion. Such prayers as these need not be uttered with moving lips. Christ wants our minds and hearts. There is no need for long speeches or studied prayers. Be natural. Be yourself. Speak to Him in your own simple words. Prayer books should be used only as a suggestion for thoughts and affections when we are distracted and "cannot think." Such books as Mother Mary Loyola's "Welcome" and Fr. Girardey's "Prayer" would provide you with much excellent and interesting reading matter on this subject.

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Why does God punish innocent children, even to the fourth generation, for sins of their parents? The terrific chastisements, recorded in the Old Testament, do not seem at all conducive to generate any love for God. New York.

Be assured that when innocent persons are made to suffer in order to show God's hatred for sin and to deter men from committing it, that God will requite these blameless sufferers as only He knows how to do. Using them in this life to evidence His detestation for the sins of their fathers, He will, if they do not cast Him off, one day bring them to bless the temporal sufferings which helped to purchase an eternity of happiness. Then God Himself will wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more weeping and no more of sorrow.

Similarly with reference to the awful chastisements of God recorded in the Old Testament, we shall realize hereafter that these punishments were the cause of salvation for enormous numbers of souls. Out of all such physical evils as wars, earthquakes, etc., God always draws immense good, which is often not apparent to us, for here we must live by faith. But even in this life, looking upon a God crucified for love of men, it is not difficult to believe that somehow there is infinite love for us behind all that He does

or permits, and that truly "His mercy is above all His works."

What is the true meaning of the palm which we receive on Palm Sunday and the custom of putting it behind pictures in our homes? Do not the Jews still use it also in their religious celebrations even in this country? N. Y.

The blessing and distribution of palms on Palm Sunday is a remembrance of our Savior's entrance into Jerusalem, when the people went before Him, waving palm branches and shouting His praises. The palm branch (because of the difficulty of obtaining palm in this country, we use the southern palmetto, which much resembles it) is a symbol of victory and triumph. Thus by its presence in our homes it is to remind us of our Blessed Lord's victorious Passion and triumphal Resurrection. The prayers recited on Palm Sunday invoke a special blessing upon all who use the palm devoutly and on every place in which it is set up in a spirit of devotion. The blessed ashes placed upon our foreheads on Ash Wednesday are gathered from burning the palm branches used during the year.

The Jews still use palm, as in the olden days, to show their religious rejoicing, especially for the celebration of their harvest festival, known as the Feast of Tabernacles.

COMMUNICATIONS

LET'S HAVE YOUR OPINION

Dear Editor:

I have read with interest the section of your magazine called the What-Not for the past three months. I feel sure this department will prove to be a source of genuine pleasure to the readers of The Sign. However, the title—The What-Not—seems to me rather vague. If I might be permitted to offer you a suggestion, I consider as more distinctive of the department the title "The Sign Post," which would be in harmony with the name of the magazine and quite descriptive of the content of the department. What do you think of this suggested change?

Respectfully yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. F. J. S—

THANK YOU!

Dear Father Harold:

I feel I owe you some acknowledgement for the charming letters we have been getting monthly from you in the pages of The Sign. Keep them up, they're good stuff.

All good wishes for your continued success.

Faithfully yours,

Boston, Mass. Rev. M. O—

WE APPRECIATE BOUQUETS!

New York City, March 3, 1923.

Editor, The Sign:

I consider THE SIGN the most interesting of the

nine Catholic magazines we receive each month. It is so good that once opened, it is a sacrifice to put it down until every page is read. The letters from the Passionists in China are exceptionally interesting.

I shall always say a good word for THE SIGN whenever I meet a possible subscriber.

Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

M. H. M—

ANOTHER BOOSTER!

Boston, Feb. 20, 1923.

Editor, The Sign:

The February Sign is the best yet. It deserves first place among Catholic magazines.

I like the spiritual subjects best, with a little humor interspersed to make it seem less like a prayer-book. Of course, Fr. Fidelis is an interesting subject, as he was a Boston boy.

"Catholics and the Presidency" was very good. A little bit of politics now and then is very acceptable.

I always skip over the novels, as we get enough of them in other magazines, so please do not give too much space to novels, however good they may be.

The news from China is interesting especially to the children. They love to hear about that far-off country. With best wishes for added success,

Yours sincerely,

A Boston Reader.

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

The articles in this section, while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of Christ's love for us and to gath-

er strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks. Leaflets on the Passion supplied free.

THE SCOURGING OF JESUS

"I will chastise Him and then let Him go.
They took Jesus, therefore, and scourged Him."

'Twas Good Friday morning. Jesus had been dragged by His enemies to the court of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, where they brought many grievous accusations against Him and clamored for His death. For a while Pilate stood firm against their demand, but as they persisted and even threatened him, he—weak man—began to yield, and, finally, to appease their anger determined to inflict some punishment upon Jesus, yet to spare His life. So, calling

silence, he addressed them, saying: "You have brought this Man to me as one that perverteth the people and behold, I have examined Him carefully. I have listened to your charges and weighed the evidence, but I discover no cause of death in Him—yea, I find Him innocent in all those things whereof you accuse Him. To satisfy you, however, I will chastise Him and then let Him go. They took Jesus, therefore, and scourged Him.

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus)

Though the Gospels give no details of the scourging of Jesus, the history of the times furnishes ample evidence of the severity and barbarity of this torture. So cruel and deadly was it that among the Jews the number of strokes was limited, by Divine Ordinance, to forty: "According to the measure of the sin shall the measure of the stripes be, yet so that they exceed not the number of forty, lest thy brother depart shamefully torn before thy eyes." (Deut. XXV.) The Romans, however, had no such law restricting the number of strokes. According to their practice, the criminal was stripped of his clothes and fastened to a pillar. The scourges used were sharp

whips, thin chains, and leathern thongs; with these the naked body was flogged until the flesh was cut and torn even to the bones. Often the unhappy victim died under the torture. So frightful was this punishment that, according to Roman law, it could be inflicted only on slaves—a

Roman citizen being exempt. Now, it was according to the brutal Roman manner that Jesus was scourged, for He was condemned by a Roman official and the sentence was inflicted by Roman executioners.

Look at Jesus, then, as these barbarous wretches lay hold on Him, drag Him to the centre of the

Prætorium, strip Him naked and tie Him by the wrists to the ring at the top of the pillar. See the frenzied mob as it presses into that hall and surges around the pillar to witness this bloody tragedy. The signal is given and the executioners begin their cruel work. Blow after blow falls hard and heavy on that Sacred Body, the loud echo ringing through the hall. Soon the skin is ripped, the blood begins to flow and ghastly wounds are cut into the raw flesh. One set of executioners tired, another set takes their place and the horrid butchery continues. Faster and

faster, heavier and harder become the strokes as the sharp whips cut across His back and shoulders, across His chest and arms, across every part of His Sacred Body, until the flesh is all torn and mangled. There Jesus stands, groaning and trembling under



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the terrific shock of the blows whilst the blood streams to the ground. The pillar is dyed with blood, the scourges are red with blood, the earth is soaked with blood, the executioners are stained with blood, until at length the Divine Victim is loosened from the pillar and falls fainting to the ground. Now, indeed, are the words of the Prophet literally fulfilled: "I have given My Body to the strikers." (Is. 50.) "The wicked have wrought upon My back." (Psalm 128.) "They have numbered My bones." (Psalm 21.) How well could Isaias exclaim: "Who hath believed our report. There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness. We have seen Him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him. Despised and the most abject of men. A man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. We have thought Him as a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities. He was bruised for our sins, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." (Is. 53.)

Approach Jesus now and pour out your feelings! "My Jesus, my Jesus, what can I say! Thou, Infinite Majesty, flogged like a vile slave! Would that I could have wiped away the clots of blood and dressed Thy gaping wounds! Would that I could have shielded Thee from the shameless gaze of that vile rabble and averted the awful blows from Thy Sacred Body. My Jesus, I throw myself at Thy sacred feet. Thou art the all-holy Son of God, my Creator and my All, I believe in Thee. I offer Thee my poor sympathy. I reverently kiss Thy Sacred Wounds. I venerate Thy Precious Blood." (Continue in such acts as long as you experience fervor.)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to our own Spiritual Improvement)

REFLECT UPON THIS MYSTERY: Why was Jesus required by His Father to endure such horrible torture? Surely, He could have redeemed us by His death on the cross without the scourging. Indeed, one drop of His Precious Blood was sufficient to save the whole world. True, but God decreed that perfect atonement should be made for human sin and that therefore the Divine Victim should suffer in those very things in which men had sinned. "By what things a man sinneth, by the same shall he be tormented." (Wis. XI.) Now, one of

the chief things in which men sin is bodily pleasure—the lusts of the flesh, the inordinate craving for unlawful, sensual gratification. Of all sins committed by men, no sin, perhaps, is more common and widespread than this sin. Alas! how shameful, how disgusting the dark, foul history of the human family during all the ages since the fall of Adam until this day and until the end of time! For all these sins is Jesus scourged at the pillar.

The Scourging of Jesus, then, teaches us the awful malice of the sin of impurity in the sight of God—how He hates it and how we should hate it. Jesus suffered in the flesh to show us how we must treat our bodies if we will atone for past sins and save ourselves from future falls. "Except you do penance, you shall all perish." (Luke XIII.) "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences." (Gal. V.) "Christ having suffered in the flesh, be ye also armed with the same thought." (Peter IV.)

APPLICATION TO OUR OWN SOUL: "Ah, my Jesus, we need this lesson. How little have we understood the malice of this sin of impurity! How prone we are to make light of it, to palliate our falls, and even to pity, instead of condemning our weakness. My Jesus, if I have been weak it is because I have not crucified my flesh, but, on the contrary, pampered it. I have not chastised the body and brought it into subjection, but have allowed it to enslave and degrade my immortal soul. I now confess my sins and take the whole blame. Alas! how often have I, by immodesty, torn off Thy sacred garments and exposed Thee naked to the vile rabble! How often have I, by sins of impurity, scourged Thy tender flesh! But I will not despair. I trust in Thy mercy and in the merits of Thy Precious Blood shed so copiously for me at the pillar. With the penitent David I plead: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity. Wash me yet more from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin." (Psalm 50.)

FRUIT OF THIS MEDITATION: To carry on a vigorous warfare against the vice of impurity; to mortify and punish the body, both as penance for past indulgence and as protection against future falls.

EJACULATION: "Eternal Father! I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of Holy Church."

With the Junior Readers



of The Sign

Gethsemane

O Soul of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy Blood and prayer together plead:
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

—Anna B. Farrell.

Even when tempted make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched and bruised
And bleeding on the earth He made.

—Catherine Jennings.

O Jesus Who for love of me,
Didst bear Thy Cross to Calvary,
In Thy sweet mercy grant to me
To suffer and to die with Thee.

—Regina Mackey.

(All of St. Cecilia Academy, Scranton, Pa.)

Nature's Oldest Living Thing

While the Pharaohs held their splendid sway in Egypt the redwood trees grew on our Pacific slope. Sound redwood trees are still standing that are supposed to have thrived when our Lord was on earth. Their greatest diameter is 25 feet and their greatest height, 350 feet. One redwood tree will yield enough lumber for a dozen cottages. Lovers of nature and tourists need not fear for the extinction of the redwood. It is so fertile that over 50 can occupy a single acre and, because it contains very little resin, it is quite fire-proof. They do not depend on propagation from seed. Cut one down and in a few years a circle of survivors will stand around the stump. Since it has been discovered that in fifteen years a redwood tree will top a seven-story building, lumbermen are conserving great tracts of them. Where they thrive they are more profitable than pasture land.

Growing in "Age, Wisdom and Grace"

ONE of the wonderful things in the animal world is the rapidity with which the young learn to shift for themselves and thus become independent of their parents. The most important lesson they must learn is how to get their food. The cat brings home to her kittens not a dead but a crippled mouse and the mother skunk a disabled grasshopper and thus the young get their lesson in the game of life. A naturalist tells how he saw a mother otter bring her brood to the edge of a pool and deposit a squawfish there, which darted away as soon as a young otter reached for it. Thereupon the mother left the young exploring the murky depths and from then on made them work for their own meals. And thus, he says, are the young of the wild things educated in the school of the wild as surely as the young of the human kind are sent to learn in the schools of men.

But the difference is one of weeks and years. Only a few weeks after their eyes open on this world, the bird hops out of the nest ready for a long flight, the puppy hound scents and swiftly tracks its prey, the gosling paddles out on the broad pond and dives with sure instincts for its finny repast. Not weeks or months but years must pass before the young of the human kind come to the proper use of their faculties. The reason is plain. God designs only temporal and material existence for the irrational creatures. For this they need only physical development and instincts of self-preservation. During the brief period of their helplessness they are nurtured and protected by their parents, chiefly the mother, in whom God plants that wonderful instinct of devotion impelling her to protect her young often at the risk of her own life.

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But the young of the human kind God has destined for eternal life and has given them immortal souls. Therefore they have to learn much more than how to perfect themselves physically. In the Providence of God the responsibility for that higher and more important training is placed chiefly on parents. In order that there may be sufficient time to impart that training God retards physical development here and thus keeps the young dependent upon their parents. You can easily imagine how difficult it would be for parents to fulfill their task if babies learned, for instance, to run and leap and pursue what they wanted as early as puppies do.

Thoughts of the Children on Gethsemane

Callous must that heart be on such a spot as this that does not breathe the prayer, "By Thy Agony and Bloody Sweat, O Lord, deliver us."—Elizabeth Doherty, Bernardsville, N. J.

Visitors to this spot light torches because in the Church of the Agony was preserved the stone on which according to tradition Jesus knelt during His Agony.—Henrietta Weinheimer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

But we know that the Apostles later proved their fidelity by sacrificing their own lives for Christ and His Church, and so tried to atone for their apparent weakness.—Catherine Cross, Orange, N. J.

Had Judas gone to Jesus and asked His forgiveness, he surely would have obtained it, and how different would be his lot!—Cecilia Tymon, West Orange, N. J.

Ah, my Jesus! May there be never more a Judas to betray Thee, a Peter to deny Thee, armed soldiers to seize Thee or ministers of Satan to bind Thee.—Guy Fromm, Mt. Oliver, Pa.

The pains of the damned cannot compare with the sufferings which Christ endured. In suffering in His Body and His Soul He satisfied Divine Justice and won back for us our lost inheritance.—Dorothy Bottner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Like Jesus, I will pray for strength to desire the will of God, and if my spirit should yield to disquietude or weariness, I will draw near to the Agonizing One.—Lucy Petrone, Suffern, N. Y.

As they cross the brook Cedron the Apostles become fearful, for the light of moon reveals the pallid, haggard, tear-stained face of their Master, and at times He almost sinks to the ground.—Edna O'Connor, Bronx, N. Y. C.

The sight of His Apostles and friends leaving Him indicates how we too often leave Him when we could spend lots of time praying to Him.—Helen Morrison, Orange, N. J.

His sufferings were so intense because He foresaw the sins of humanity and the ingratitude of men.—Barbara Stein, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Judas, full of despair, thought Jesus would never forgive him, and instead of falling at the feet of Jesus to ask pardon, went to a neighboring hillside and hanged himself.—Adelaide Kocher, *ibid.*

As Our Lord said, "Thy will be done," so ought we, no matter how hard it may be, always be willing to suffer any trial God sends us.—Catherine Connelly, Orange, N. J.

The lessons taught by meditating on the scenes enacted in the garden are that in all times of danger, affliction and temptation we should pray, "My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."—Mary Cunningham, *ibid.*

Judas on account of his guilt was refused the grace he had so recklessly squandered when he enjoyed intimate association with Christ.—Mary Joyce, *ibid.*

Oppressed with the load of sin that was placed upon Him and overwhelmed with grief, His sweat became as drops of blood trickling on the ground.—Anna Johnston, *ibid.*

How often does not our Master say to me, "Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation," and I, too, like the apostles, sleep.—Norman Neu, *ibid.*

There the olive trees bent their leafy boughs around Him like the children of the city clinging to His garments.—Helen Barnes, Suffern, N. Y.

"He prayed the longer." How real the lesson in this phase of our Lord's passion. When we find it hardest to pray we too should pray the harder.—Marie McPhillips, *ibid.*

There fell upon His Heart the knowledge of the utter uselessness of His sufferings for so large a number of ungrateful creatures who would refuse the salvation He was about to gain for them.—Marianne Strong, *ibid.*

He grieved as He looked down the ages and saw the sins of all times, and how many souls would be lost after all His sufferings.—Lucy Kevany, *ibid.*

THE compositions on Gethsemane were numerous and excellent. But many could not be considered because of their length. This would not have happened in some cases if the writers had kept to the subject. They dwelt too long on the Last Supper and on the Passion in general. Much industry and excellent talent were displayed and all will know and love our Lord the better for the study employed. Remember the subject and conditions of the present prize competition:

"The Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross." Limited to 350 words. Not over eighth grade pupils. Send yours before May 10th to

DADDY SENN FU,

The SIGN

West Hoboken, N. J.

With the Passionists in China

Latest Communications from Our Missionaries

Christmas Tidings to Yuanchow

Father Timothy McDermott, C.P.

IN a letter dated January 29, Father Timothy writes us a few details of his first Christmas in China. At a season usually filled with joy for us, Fr.



Timothy was steadfastly pursuing the heroic task for which he has so unselfishly sacrificed the comforts and encouragements of home—the salvation of souls in China. The cheerful tone which appears throughout his letter should hearten our readers in the trials and difficulties that confront them here in America. How many of us are called upon to eat the Christmas dinner by the light of a little oil lantern at nine o'clock in the evening? It makes us wish to cry: "Give him a cheer, boys," when he says: "It had been a peculiar day, but for all that A REAL HAPPY ONE! Read what made his day a happy one:

"This past month has been an exceedingly busy one for me. On the Friday preceding Christmas I started off at dawn for my mission in Kieniang. At noon, when I stopped at a little village midway that fluctuates between the hands of the soldiers and the hands of the bandits, I outshone a Chinese sorcerer. When I came into the village he had the foreground, but when they saw the 'foreigner' eat his midday meal with a knife and fork, the crowd was drawn between two fires. The poor sorcerer was slowly losing weight with his admirers. But when it was noticed that I ate a different food than the customary Chinese diet, the odds rested heavily on my side.

The popularity contest was becoming interesting to me and rather disquieting to the sorcerer. But I swept right on to victory. When I drew hot coffee from the thermos bottle my triumph was complete. The curious crowded round and wanted to know where the fire was and they were utterly confounded upon finding no place for the fire. I felt rather sorry for our sorcerer who sat over in one corner, not knowing whether to yield to his curiosity or maintain his wounded dignity. I solved his difficulty by leaving very quickly. I doubt whether he took the centre of the stage after I had gone.

"That night, just as it was getting dark, I reached Kieniang. The Christians were reciting their night prayers and they fell all over themselves in their anxiety to greet me. I was hardly in the house before I was besieged with petitions for help, medicine and alms. If ever anyone knew how to tell a sad story it is the Chinese. Often conditions are heartrending, but you can be sure that the telling of them is ALWAYS heartrending.

"The next day I was up early for Mass, but not before many of the Christians had gathered to hear the Mass. These poor souls do not have this privilege very often, but when the opportunity presents itself they know well how to avail themselves of it.

"After Mass I had to make a few sick calls and straighten out several questions that were causing the Christians some annoyance. Then later on I was called to baptize a dying Catechumen. She was sinking rapidly with tuberculosis, so I baptized her and named her in honor of good St. Ann, whose picture she happened to have on the wall. After my departure it would seem that she was vouchsafed some heavenly vision in which two heavenly messengers paid her a visit accompanied by the Mother of God. According to information given me,

the Mother of God told her to have no fear but to prepare herself for death within three days. Strangely enough, at the end of three days she expired. This is the story told me by the Christians after I had again returned to Kieniang. Coming as it did from rude and uneducated people who scarcely ever heard of the lives of the Saints and heavenly visions, this struck me as a bit curious, to say the least.

"The same day I was called to baptize a little babe who was dying of smallpox. However, after I had baptized and blessed her with the relics of our Holy Founder, St. Paul of the Cross, and St. Gabriel, she rallied and is actually getting better.

"That afternoon I was kept busy with the Christians preparing them to receive Holy Communion on the morrow. All but a few came to confession, but the remaining ones I heard the next morning before Mass. All received at the Mass. It was at this Mass that I preached my first sermon in Chinese, using the Feast of Christmas as my subject. There is a saying among the Missionaries that if after four or five years the Chinese understand you when you preach in public you can congratulate yourself. What a happy surprise was it to me to find that I was understood! How deeply grateful I am to Almighty God for this great favor. I was indeed happy because the theme of my sermon was on the love of God as manifested in His Incarnation, which, after all, was but His preparation for the Passion and His Death on Calvary. You cannot realize how consoling it was to hear some of the children and many of the adults repeat to me parts of the sermon to prove how well they had understood it. A month later, when I returned to the Mission, I was given evidence of how greatly impressed they were. They still spoke of the love of the Infant God, who was born

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into this world, and, cold and naked, laid in a manger for them.

"I had many and varied occupations that day and had a very hard task in getting down to the river to hire a boat to take me to Hungkiang the next day. It was almost dark when I finally succeeded in hiring a small sampan, which would take me to the next mission on the morrow—Christmas Day. Glad that I had arrangements completed, I returned to the Mission. It was Christmas Eve and around the Mission there was as much of a Christmas spirit as we could give it.

"The Christians were all gathered at the Mission; some fifty or more Chinese lanterns were hung about; and all sat around a small charcoal fire talking and singing hymns. We were all happy—really happy, with a true happiness born of a true Faith.

"The next morning as soon as the gates of the city were opened to admit the Christians who dwelt outside the walls we had three Masses. At the second Mass all the Christians received. I wonder how many Missionaries had that supreme happiness and consolation of seeing a hundred per cent of his flock receive Holy Communion on both the vigil and the feast of Christmas. It was truly inspiring to behold such a sight in our humble little oratory at Kieniang.

"After my thanksgiving the men came in to greet me and get the blessing. Later the women and children followed. Then at ten o'clock I packed up my baggage and set off for the little boat that awaited me. Shortly after three that afternoon I arrived in Hungkiang, a rather large town noted for its fine woodwork. Here I purchased a few needed articles of furniture and then returned to the boat where I hurriedly ate a little lunch. It was already getting late and as it was necessary for me to get to Shenchowfu as soon as possible, I had to seek another sampan to take me there. After much difficulty I was

at last settled in another sampan, together with all my baggage including the furniture I had bought in Hungkiang. It was already past nine o'clock. Then it was that by the light of a little oil lantern, half sitting, half reclining in my little sampan, I ate my first Christmas dinner in China. It had been a peculiar day, but for all that a real happy one.

"The next morning we were off at dawn for Shenchowfu. I was eagerly looking forward to meeting the new missionaries. We had to contend with a strong contrary wind which made our progress slow. However, we traveled until eleven o'clock that night and we had plenty to think of all the time! Three times we were challenged during the night and summoned to the shore. Knowing too well what the summons would mean we kept right on going. I remained on deck with the boatmen lest they would become frightened and pull into the bandits. I was expecting to be fired upon at any minute, as was Padre Hipolito the last time he passed through the same locality. We made an excellent target, as we stood there grouped together in the clear moonlight, but we finally got by successfully.

"Besides this we had the added thrill of shooting rapids after dark by the light of the moon. I can assure you that both the boatmen and myself were quite contented to roll up in our blankets, when at eleven o'clock we reached our objective for the night, Lung Tou Ngan, the never-to-be-forgotten village where I spent two days last May with two dying men on my hands.

"After much the same experience all along the way I reached Shenchowfu on December 30th. It was a rare treat to see the faces of the Brethren and hear English spoken again. In fact, when I first came into Father Raphael's Mission he was much amazed at my attempts to speak English, only to end up in Chinese or Latin when I got interested.

"Would that I could tell you of the rest of the trip and the long trip back. But even now I have overgone the time I must allow myself.

"Before concluding I want to ask you, who read this, to pray hard that God may continue to bless our work. There are difficulties without number, but none so great that prayer will not help us surmount them."

From Changteh to Taoyuan

Father Kevin Murray, C.P.

AFTER reciting the prayers for "Itinerants" in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament we bade adieu to our kind hosts in Changteh. The Chi-



nese junk that was to be our home for the next week or two was awaiting us in the river below the Mission Compound. All our baggage safely stowed had been

for the trip on the evening before.

Old Glory was given its honorary place on the mast. We needed some assurance of safety, for certain sections through which we had to pass were infested with bandits and thieving soldiers, who at times do not hesitate to despoil the foreigner. Our trust was, after Divine Providence, in the Stars and Stripes of America.

The distance from Changteh to Shenchowfu averages about 110 miles, but with our means of locomotion it would take us almost three times the space it would require a pedestrian. The boat is rowed and pulled. In shallow water the men go ashore and draw the boat along by means of a rope attached to the top of the mast. You can imagine the express speed with which we traveled!

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Along the river banks it is quite usual to see the women folk doing the washing. They lather the clothes well, but have no such convenience as a washboard. They beat the dirt out of the clothes with a stick. I caught one in the act of washing, but was very sorry that I missed her about five minutes later. She lost her footing and fell in. All the spectators laughed. But the wet lady saw nothing humorous about the fact. I will not repeat what she said. She was not praying, of that I can assure you!

We left the boat landing at 10.30 A. M. Hardly had we made a quarter of a mile when we stopped at another float. Father Celestine remarked: "It's simply the old story. They are going to look for more men to pull the boat." There was absolutely no use of trying to hurry them. There is no Broadway rush over here and it is useless to expect to find exceptions. We had to wait over half an hour before we finally swung clear and started on our way.

Our living quarters on board were the best anyone could expect on a Junk. Each of us had a berth in our "suite de luxe." The flooring consisted of a plank a foot wide. If you missed the plank the consolation remained of landing in the hold of the boat. There was plenty of fresh air. It was an airy boat full of chinks in more senses than one!

At 4 P. M. our junk drew up to a village where it anchored for the night. So far we had traveled three miles! Some speed! We asked the Captain of our mighty vessel: "Why this anchorage?" And the gallant Captain informed us that he was a firm believer in "Safety First." He feared the robbers during the night and so decided to quit for the day. It was most encouraging to know that he was so solicitous about our welfare (?) but could not help remarking that at the present rate of progress, if every day was to be judged by this first one, it would take us over a month to get

to Shenchowfu.

Our evening meal was taken by the light of a small lantern, on a table two feet square. It served the purpose in spite of its size. All would have gone very well had not I accidentally pulled the whole table over in trying to find my supper in the gloom. It was a catastrophe for the floor and for the brethren's clothes. But I was allowed to take some supper after all, although I had upset the

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made for donations received up to and including April 15th, for the Chinese Missions, and for the relief of the famine sufferers.

KY.: Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, \$1; M. O'C., Newport, \$5. MASS.: R. L. D., Grantville, \$100; Cambridge—Miss M., \$5; G. M., \$2; Mrs. G., \$2; T. K., \$4. Sr. L., Lynn, \$45; E. F. F., Pittsfield, \$4.60; M. L., Allston, \$6.00. N. Y.: N. Y. City—J. A. McG., \$50; K. I. K., \$5.00; L. H. E., \$4.90; A. M. S., Bronx, \$15.00. Rev. T. H. H., Lakewood, \$10.17; Brooklyn—Mrs. R. B., \$5.00; C. J. M., \$10.00; Miss N. G., \$4.21. Confr. A., Dunkirk, \$3.00; J. J. McD., Astoria, \$5.00; N. C., Larchmont, \$2.00. PA.: Pittsburgh—St. Francis Hospital, \$10; Sr. M. T., \$22; R. E., \$2; Mrs. C. A. L., \$5; Anon., \$5. Sr. M. M., Brownsville, \$15; Mrs. B., Wilkes Barre, \$1; Scranton—Mrs. M. McD., \$4.90; S. R. B., \$5.20; Anon., \$1; Mrs. M., \$3.50; E. L., Philadelphia, \$5.30; M. G., Honesdale, \$3.50. CIRCULAR—T., \$15; J., \$25; S., \$31.70; 9, \$20; M. C., Plymouth, \$5.25; S. E. H. and Sister, Millvale, \$10. MICH.: A. G. F., Detroit, \$5; A. P. G., Marquette, \$5. CONN.: Rev. J. M. G., Waterbury, \$8; Mrs. A. C., Southport, \$5. N. C.: Mrs. H. S., Greenville, \$4; Mrs. H. S., Greenville, \$4.40. S. D.: Mother A., Aberdeen, \$10; Mother A., Aberdeen, \$5.50; H. E., Deadwood, \$2. N. D.: Anon., \$4.40; Anon., \$1; Girls A. S. Co., \$3.60; Anon., \$5. OHIO: Cincinnati—R. F., \$4.60; 27 E., \$5.20; R. T., \$4.60; Mrs. C. H., \$1.50; S. T., \$5; M. McC., \$4; L. H., \$5.20; A. S., \$5.50. MD.: Baltimore—Anon., \$10; Miss E. R., \$5.30. WIS.: Mrs. M. M., Coleman, \$2. N. J.: Jersey City—Mrs. E. G., \$4; C. K., \$5; H. H., \$1; V. McA., \$1; Mrs. S., \$6.86; A. M., \$5; A. D., \$1; Miss M., \$3; Mrs. J. L., \$6.60; D. C. C., \$3.01; Mrs. A. R., \$4.65; Anon., \$4.62; C. E., \$5; Mrs. K. C., \$5; Miss K. H., \$5; Miss A. D., \$2; Mrs. A. D., \$3. A. J. L., Paterson, Paterson, \$1. Newark—Mrs. A. D. B., \$50; M. R., \$4.70; M. B., \$5; School Children, \$11. E. Orange—R. B., \$5; B. R., \$4.30. Hoboken—Anon., \$5; Mrs. S. B., \$5. M. L. D., Bernardsville, \$3. Weehawken—M. K., \$4.02; H. K., \$3.57; Mrs. C., \$1; L. P., \$5. Union Hill—Mrs. K., \$4.70; A. Friend, \$2; Anon., \$1. West Hoboken—Mrs. A. L. N., \$1; Per M. F. S., \$3.50; Mrs. A. K., \$1; L. L. G. Club, \$3.37; F. N., \$7.30; N. H., \$5.00; F. N., \$1.33; Anon., \$1. A. McG., Auduwn, \$5; Sr. M. G., Caldwell, \$5; Mrs. H. H. D., Princeton, \$4.50.

whole meal. The cook fortunately had been generous that evening and had prepared sufficient to replenish everybody's plate. Good for the cook! Somebody would have gone hungry if he had not!

Bright and early next morning we were again enroute for Shenchowfu. The coolies got a move on and were soon drawing us along with moderate "speed." They usually work two hours before they take their breakfast and then come aboard for the "fan" (rice). It is quite interesting to see them at meals. They simply squat down on the floor, seize a bowl of rice in one hand and with the other start the steady work of feeding themselves by means of the chop-sticks. They lose no time at this occupation and the eagerness with which they eat is the barometer of their like or dislike of the food. When finished these coolies immediately get back to their task of either rowing or pulling the boat. Even in the coldest weather of winter these coolies will jump into the water knee deep and at times even waist deep, either to go ashore or to come aboard. While at the oars they sing with an even rhythm in order to keep in stroke. They are a light-hearted people, living from day to day without the least worry for the morrow.

On our trip up the Yuan River we witnessed one of the many superstitious practices of the Chinese, namely, "Whistling for the Wind." When the wind is favorable the sail is unfurled. Just as soon as it fails or calms down they all start whistling for it to blow again.

We passed a village called Hoh-fuh, seven miles from Changteh, on the second day. Here is located the Petite Seminary for native priests, conducted by the Spanish Augustinian Fathers.

After a rather pleasant sail we put up in a town named Taoyuan. All boats make for some town or village for the night for safety's sake. In the morning all try to get away together in squadron style at daybreak. Never did you

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hear such yelling as amongst these boatmen when trying to get in line. This town of Taoyuan is one of the few towns of the interior China which enjoy electricity. It has its own electric plant.

(To be continued)

On the Road to Hankow

Fr. Celestine Roddan, C.P.

OUR readers will welcome a few words from Fr. Celestine. It has been many days since we have heard from him, but this silence is not to be

understood as the silence of neglect. Fr. Celestine has passed thro' some very trying times since our last letter. In the period that has elapsed he has suffered a



severe attack of illness which for a time threatened his life. Happily he has responded to treatment and is now busily engaged in work for the welfare of our Fathers in China. Experience has taught the necessity of a Procurator, whose duty it is to reside in one of the large cities and there attend to the many wants of the Missionaries in their distant missions. Fr. Celestine is now stationed in the fairly modern city of Hankow, separated from his brother Missionaries by many hundreds of miles of travel. He has our sincerest good wishes for success and happiness in this new field. We quote from a letter recently received:

"Your letter written the day after Christmas has finally reached me here in Hankow, after having been forwarded to me from Shenchowfu. Altho doing some very necessary work for the success of our missions I am a very great distance away from our nearest station.

"I note your request with regard to the babies and the names to be given them and shall see that your wishes are carried out. With regard to your 'condition' that if possible a child be chosen who will live—it's a rather difficult proposition. The poor babies, as a rule, do not seem to be made for this world. Of course, all do not die. But for the majority there is usually only one chance in ten of their living beyond a few months. Poor babes! Forsaken by the very parents who bore them, the Eternal Father soon calls them to His Eternal Home above. It is really a great act of mercy that prompts the Creator to call them from the life of misery which is so often the lot of children here in China.

"I intend to write Circle No. 18 in the very near future. What a great crowd of hustlers they are! These little Crusaders have cer-

tainly done valiant work for the cause from the very beginning. How many priceless souls have they have helped into the Kingdom of God by their generous sacrifices!

"Prior to my illness last August I made the trip from Shenchowfu to Changteh in twenty-four hours. On this trip to Hankow it took me over eight days to cover the same distance. Leaving Changteh I was in hopes of getting a steamer for Hankow. No use! The water in the river had fallen too low for any large vessel to sail. There was no alternative but to 'hit the road,' so I set off for Changsha, the capital of the Province. This city is the center of all the opium smuggling in Hunan. When I arrived there I was politely asked if I were engaged in that lucrative trade. I politely told them 'no' and journeyed on in peace.

"From Changsha I intended to catch the once-a-day train for Hankow. The running time should be fourteen hours, but in these troublous times it takes twenty-four. The condition of the road-bed is horrible, and too much speed 'maketh for destruction.' We made haste slowly enough.

"When I sent my boy to make inquiries about the train he was told that on account of a 'strike' (even here they have them!) it was not running. This forced me to wait several days. The strike, however, was soon settled by the soldiers, who simply killed off a few hundred workmen, threw their bodies into a ditch, and promised a dose of the same medicine to all who refused to work. Thus the strike ended. The ringleader was executed only a few days ago in Wuchang.

"The trains were soon running as usual. So after a long, tedious journey I am settled here in Hankow. My address until further notice will be No. 16 Poyang Road, Hankow, Hupeh, China.

"Our Missions over here are slowly making progress. May God bless our efforts and all those who aid us in our work."

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN in behalf of the following recently deceased:

Sister M. St. Theresa, Sister M. Louis, Sister M. Loyola, Sister Joseph Angela, Margaret S. Costello, Walter A. Riordan, Christopher J. Birbeck, Carroll A. Hinde, Mrs. Catherine O'Halloran, Margaret A. O'Connor, Marie J. De Zinna, Edward Fanning, Mrs. Margaret Keeling, Mrs. Mary A. McSwiggan, John C. Deady, Mrs. James P. Quinn, Mrs. Murray, Richard Roslister, Mrs. M. Elermann, Mrs. Catherine A. Fitzgibbons, George Benyak, Mrs. Anne Cudihy, Mrs. Sarah Nolan, Mr. Leonard Froehner, John Corry, Mr. William Duffy, William M. Smith, Mrs. Margaret Casey, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Elia O'Connell, Mrs. Ann Fagan, Mrs. Mary Higgins, Mrs. Anna Spallon, Daniel Kerns, Charles C. Thompson, Mrs. Mary Hunt, Mrs. Catherine E. Fritschy, Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, Margaret McNamee, Denis Rowan, Sarah Ryan, Mary O'Keefe, Mrs. Margaret Quaid, James J. Henry, Miss Bridget Foley, William Connelly, Joseph Callahan, Simon Devine, Mrs. Michael Kennedy, Mrs. John Kenney, Mrs. Elizabeth Kuhl, Mrs. Margaret Cleary, Mary E. Fealy, John Mullins, Mr. Patrick O'Rourke, Margaret McLaughlin, Ellen Faltino, William Darnell, Ellen Wabessaki, Frank E. Cook, Carl Christensen, Patrick O'Rourke.

May their souls, and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

THE † SIGN

From My New Mission

Fr. Raphael Vance

(Continued)

AT the midnight Mass on Christmas we had some appropriate carols. The second Mass was at 6 o'clock and the last Mass was at nine o'clock. After the last Mass all the Christians came in to wish me a Merry Christmas. Of course, I had to be a Santa Claus to all, especially my little tots. The men and women each received a holy card and a medal. The boys received a folding crib and a ball, the girls were given a doll and the babies had toys and candy. After this we had shooting-crackers, as it is no feast or celebration unless there are plenty of fireworks. In the afternoon we had rosary and investing of the Christians with the Brown Scapular. This was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All the Christians claimed it was the happiest Christmas they had ever spent, and I felt the same way about it.

Two days after Christmas Fr. Timothy dropped into Chenki. What a real pleasure to meet after being separated for nine months. Though it sounds queer, yet we could hardly speak English to each other. Every now and then it would be a Latin or Chinese phrase. Fr. Timothy had a san-pan hired so the next morning we started off for Shenchowfu, where a meeting of all the missionaries was to be held. The trip was an uneventful one, though very enjoyable, and after two days and a half we pulled into Shenchowfu. After the first of the new year, when Fr. Agatho pulled in from Yungshunfu, our whole band of Missionaries were together. It seemed like old times again to have so many Passionists in one house.

After our meeting we prepared to return to our missions. However, there were to be some chan-

ges. Fr. Kevin was to go with Fr. Timothy to Yuanchow, and Fr. Paul was to take my place in Chenki, and I was told to go to the Yungshunfu District. Fr. Dominic would remain in Shenchowfu and Fr. Celestine would see to our wants by living in Hankow as our Procurator. I did not mind the leaving of Chenki so much as I did the going away from my "Baby Farm." However, just watch Yungshunfu grow and you'll soon hear of Baby Farm No. 2.

On the 8th of January, having hired a large san-pan, a happy crowd of missionaries started Chenkiwards and other ports south of it. Fathers Flavian, Timothy, Kevin, Paul, and myself made up the party. It indeed was a party, especially when it came time for me to stretch my legs. It was a hard problem in geometry that Fr. Paul solved the second night to my great satisfaction and approval. Fr. Timothy saw that our bill of fare was well taken care of. His cook had a ten-day course in Shenchowfu and wanted to show us how much he knew. I, however, lost all faith in this cook, for when you hear what he did you'll not blame me. On the way down I gave the "ta-sa-fu" (Chinese for cook) a can of vegetable soup that a kind friend had sent me. We gave him orders how to prepare it. Well, when it came time to eat we had soup, but I

could see no vegetables. Fr. Timothy claimed it was vegetable soup but we only had the juice. I tried to believe this, but my taste told me that no vegetables ever saw that soup. When we had finished dinner, the cook came with the open can of vegetable soup. Not knowing how long the can had been opened we decided not to take a risk, so would not eat it. We had a good laugh, but what was our surprise, when on our return trip ten days later, the cook appeared with the same can of vegetable soup!

On the 10th we pulled into Pusha, a large city where there is a mission station pertaining to Chenki. Here I landed and while the rest of the Missionaries continued in the boat I hired a chair to Chenki. It took me three hours to make a trip over the mountains, and I arrived three hours before the others. My object in going ahead was to make some preparation for the rest of the missionaries. The missionaries were all anxious to get to their missions, so that the stay in Chenki was necessarily short. The following afternoon, Frs. Flavian, Kevin and Timothy left Chenki. Then Fr. Paul started to unpack and I to pack. In two days I was ready to leave and Fr. Paul was settled in his new home.

(To be continued)



FIRST FRUITS IN CHENKI

Index to Worthwhile Reading

In the Homes of Martyrs. Very Rev. James A. Walsh, M.Ap. Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Maryknoll, N. Y.: \$1.00.

An interesting and instructive book, this, in which the superior of Maryknoll—a pioneer in the work of arousing interest in the foreign missions in this country—tells us of his visits to the homes of five of our splendid young nineteenth century martyrs. Fr. Walsh writes in an easy, conversational style that is most pleasing. The message that he would drive home is very plain. These heroic young French priests, condemning utterly the fleeting pleasures of sense, gave up everything and poured out their very life-blood to spread the Kingdom of Christ on earth. And you?

One cannot spend a more delightful nor a more beneficial hour than in the perusal of this book. The price is unusually low.

Challenges. By Christopher R. Stapleton. The Stratford Co., Boston, Mass.

This book of really excellent poetry is marred by two blemishes: the introduction and the jacket. The introduction is painfully concocted, and from internal criteria seems to have been written when the author was in grammar school. The jacket happily is untrue. The best portion of this "book of American poetry pure and unmixed" reveal influences of Keats, Wordsworth and Tennyson; the spirit of many poems, especially "Unto God" and "The Years," is unmistakably Browningian. Scattered throughout the book are assertions that no Catholic will admit; for the poet, though he uses Christian language, seems, like Tennyson, to "stretch lame hands of faith and grope And gather dust and chaff and call to what 'he' feels is Lord of all And faintly trusts the larger hope." There are, however, circumstances that palliate the poet's poor Theol-

ogy. His fancy is very ardent, and in the heat of poetic inspiration it is possible that thoughts were vented which would not have been so expressed in the poet's more placid moments. The Muse, too, limps badly when the author falls under that bane of American literature—ultrarealism. But his nimble fancy soon disentangles her feet from these shackles and disports herself once more in the freer atmosphere of poetic idealism. Such a book as this is needed at this time to counteract the rhapsodies of free-verse and the more deadly orgies of free-love. These poems reveal clever and artistic technique; they abound in the passionate love of betrothal, the deeper, more unselfish love of man and wife, and marital fidelity.

Cloister and Other Poems. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. The Macmillan Co., New York: \$1.00.

This volume of poetry can be recommended without restriction. If anyone is inclined to think that poetic genius has disappeared from the earth he will be quickly and happily disillusioned by an attentive perusal of this book. That the author is a priest guarantees soundness of view on all the topics touched; that he is Professor of English Literature in Notre Dame University guarantees artistic excellence. Indeed, these poems cannot be too highly recommended; their beauty cannot be adequately characterized. A sample of the poet's craftsmanship is this stanza from "Partus Virginis"; it is an allusion to the "Annunciation" and the correlative mystery, the "Conception of Our Divine Lord": our Blessed Lady speaks—

"what should my thoughts do
Since the March weather,
And first God and I drew
Breath together?"

Many such extracts might be given, but their perfume would be lost by their isolation; they would convey no true idea of the poignant and delicate beauty of the

whole poem. We cannot refrain, however, from quoting a quatrain, an exquisite allusion to the two natures—divine and human—of our Blessed Lord:

"The fount of Mary's joy
Revealed now lies,
For, lo, has not the Boy
His Father's eyes?"

Of such poems is this book composed.

The Religion of the Primitives. Monsignor A. LeRoy. The Macmillan Co., New York: \$2.50.

In the explanation of a universal fact—religion—scientists the world over have twisted the Truth in every conceivable manner; God be praised, Truth refuses to stay twisted; He made it to stand up straight. It is a pleasure to read "The Religion of the Primitives" by the well-known scientist, Monsignor LeRoy. The author has not only read the best books on the subject of which he treats, but he has studied the Primitives themselves, lived among them, and entered intimately into their lives. The Blacks of Africa, among whom he labored, seem scarcely to have moved at all in the long procession of mankind toward civilization. From the oral testimony, customs, and ritualistic formulas of these Primitives, who, long before the civilizations of Egypt, Babylonia, Phoenicia and China existed, had been roaming in the African forests in a condition not unlike that of today, Monsignor LeRoy collates data which is confirmatory of the teaching of the Catholic Church regarding the origin and development of religion.

The substance of this data is, that even the most ignorant savage is still a religious man, that he believes in a Supreme Being to Whom he offers prayers and sacrifices; and that he believes, too, in the existence of good and bad spirits who can help or harm him, and in the future reward of the good and the punishment of the wicked.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



THIS picture represents Christ knocking at a door. It is symbolic of any inspiration He sends to our heart to do a good deed. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He may use anything as an inspiration. To some this page may be one of His inspirations. Every good work should have our hearty approval. It should also have our help, if we can afford to give it. To help the Chinese Missions is not to throw something to a begging charity. It is a high privilege. Please regard it as such!

In helping the Missions you are extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom, you are bringing His grace to souls for whom He died, you are supporting the arms of His unselfish Missionaries, you are storing up treasure for eternity, you are working with Christ, who deigns not only to accept your help but even to need it!

CATECHISTS

A Catechist is absolutely necessary in every Chinese village, where there are even only a few Catholics. His office is to teach Christian Doctrine, to preside at the public prayers when the priest cannot be present, to visit the sick, and baptize the dying. The sum of \$15.00 monthly will support a Catechist and permit him to give all his time to the work of the mission.

MISSION-CIRCLES

A Mission-Circle is a group of persons who are interested in the missions and who contribute a definite sum every week for the missions. A Senior Circle is composed of men and women. A Junior Circle is composed of boys and girls. Why not start a Circle to-day. Write for further information.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Passionist Missionaries now laboring in China are:

Father Dominic Langenbacher
Father Celestine Rodden
Father Agatho Purtill
Father Raphael Vance
Father Paul Ubinger
Father Kevin Murray
Father Flavien Mullins
Father Timothy McDermott.

Designated gifts and contributions for individual missionaries will be promptly forwarded.

MITE BOXES AND DIME BANKS

An easy way of helping the Missions is to patronize the Mite-Box or Dime-Bank. Coins dropped into these will not be missed. We have one ready for you. A card will fetch it by return mail. Write the card now!

BUILDINGS

Buildings are urgently needed in the Passionist Missions in Hu-

nan. Approximate cost of building:

A CHAPEL \$500.00
A SCHOOL 1000.00
AN ORPHANAGE. 5000.00

Donors have the privilege of naming the building. What an honor to be allowed to erect a

HERE AND NOW!

We all wish to do something for God and Souls.

The difficulty with many of us is that we don't know how.

On this page you will find some helpful hints. Read them carefully.

We are not ignorant—we know the True God. Help to bring the knowledge of Him to the pagans of China!

We are rich—none of us is starving. Give something to feed the famine-stricken poor of China!

We have all the treasures of our Catholic Faith. Do something to bring that Faith, with its blessings, to the unfortunate Chinese!

Thoughtlessness and forgetfulness are the main reasons for many a neglected opportunity.

We often dream of doing big which we'll probably never be able to do; and we fail to do the many little things that we can easily do.

If your means are limited, don't think about building a chapel or school or orphanage. Just send us a nickel or a dime to buy a few bricks!

Every gift to the Missions, no matter how small, will be gratefully received.

home for the Blessed Sacrament, or a school where Christ's religion is taught or an institution where the poor, the sick and the orphan are cared for in His Name! What better memorial to a deceased father or mother!

BRICKS

You may not be able to donate the money for an entire building. You can contribute to one. How about buying some bricks. They're cheap.

ONE BRICK = ONE CENT!

TRIP-SPONSORS

Trip-Sponsors pay the traveling expenses of Missionaries from America to China. Expenses amount to about \$500.00. In a few months we shall have at least four more Missionaries going to China. Who will be the first Trip-Sponsor?

BABIES

You know what a Baby is. But (thank God!) you are not familiar with starving and abandoned Babies. These are very common in China. An abandoned Baby can be rescued for \$5.00. A starving Baby can be fed for \$5.00 a month. "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me!"

NO POCKETS

It is a great mistake to give nothing because you can give only a little. Give what you can. Make the most of your best. And—Now! There are no pockets in the shroud. We carry no worldly goods into eternity. Nothing but our souls!

ADDRESS

Please address all communications about the Passionist Missions in China to

THE SIGN

The Passionist Fathers
West Hoboken, N. J.

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THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

Highland Trust Company of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 30, 1922

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	-	-	\$1,780,911.36
Mortgages	-	-	1,060,203.41
Loans (Demand and Time)	-	-	155,850.00
Bills Purchased	-	-	783,625.17
Banking House	-	-	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures	-	-	1.00
Cash on Hand	-	-	69,514.90
Due from Banks	-	-	252,434.18
Accrued Interest	-	-	31,287.05

\$4,219,068.29

LIABILITIES

Capital	-	-	-	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	-	-	-	103,571.34
Deposits	-	-	-	3,815,496.95

\$4,219,068.29

Trust funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

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Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

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